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A CHARGE OF THE IRON BRIGADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY JACK PERCY.

From our own Empire state went this gallant command,
Whose great deeds of valor resound through the land;
Clerks, Firemen, Mechanics, true patriots all,
Flock'd 'round the old banner at their dear country's call,
Not one thinking of self, but of union and right,
They have shed their blood freely in glorious fight;
The chaplet of laurels I'm sure will ne'er fade
Which was fought for and won by the "Iron Brigade."

Always first in the battle, ever foremost in fight,
Are Sickles and Taylor, Hall, Brewster and Dwight,
A tithe of the honor which their name now enshrines,
Was won by these heroes on the field of Seven Pines;
From a hill in the distance, a battery played,
In the ranks, by its missiles, great gaps are soon made.
Though on all sides in scores, our brave fellows fall,
The brigade stands as firm as a strong iron wall.
Says fighting Joe Hooker, my brave New York's sons,
Advance on that battery! Capture those guns!

Charge bayonets! Guide centre! Forward, Double quick, March;
Are the words of command, loud, hurried and harsh;
Now shoulder to shoulder on they press with loud yells,
Never heeding the bullets, nor fearing the shells.
With eyes full of fury now onward they go,
And they spurn under foot alike friend and foe.
Hark! A wild shout of triumph—the capture is made,
By gallant Dan Sickles and his Excelsior Brigade.

THE TRACK OF BLOOD;

OR,

CRIME IN THE CITY AND WAR IN THE LAND

A ROMANCE OF NEW YORK LIFE,

Among the High and the Low, the Rich and the Poor, the Good and the Bad.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HECTOR TRIPOD, U. S. A.

CHAPTER III.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CRIME AND MYSTERY OF A GREAT CITY—LAWLESSNESS IN MASQUERADE—"THAT LOOK BETWEEN THE TWO"—THE BENSONS AT HOME—SOME MORE "PROFESSIONAL" TALK—PROVIDING AGAINST A CONTINGENCY—A FIRST APPEARANCE ON A NEW STAGE—THE PANEL HOUSE.

People much in the habit of going about New York, and noting what is to be seen there, need not be informed that there yet stands in Thomas street, what was once a very notorious panel house. It is quite near the place where Helen Jewett was murdered over twenty years ago, and was closed, we believe, in 1857, owing to the vigilance of one of our most upright magistrates. As all such houses have been described to repletion, and are generally understood in all their details of arrangement, we shall not venture on an account of that in Thomas street, further than its exterior is regarded. That was respectable enough; the front presenting a green door and two parlor windows, above which, on the second floor, were three other windows, and the same on the third and fourth floors, respectively—the latter being what are called dormer. The color of this house was a bright red, and it had an odd, quiet look, just such a look, indeed, as we often see, not withstanding the difference of the objects, in men and women who have their own reasons for not inviting the scrutiny of their fellows. A select staff was attached to this panel house, with one of whom we have already made acquaintance—the sable *belle*, Miss Rosa Dinah Julianna. Her peculiar duties may be surmised from the words of a person who had once visited there, and been fleeced:—"A black janitor, whose office is opposite to that of St. Peter, insomuch, as one keeps the keys of heaven, the other those of hell."

Why we have thus alluded to the panel house in Thomas street will be seen by-and-by. Meanwhile, let us return to some of the characters we left in the first chapter.

As it will be supposed, the disturbance in which the burly Giles acted a prominent part, did not result in anything very terrible; so far from that being the case, good humor was once more in the ascendant. The landlord of the house, so flurried and so anxious for the restoration of "order," had proved a true prophet in more things than one; the detective McQuaff was accompanied by a fashionable sight seeker, and the latter treated the entire crowd to drinks.

The stranger's name will have been anticipated by the reader—Edward Bleackley. But let not the visit of such a young man to such a place cause either astonishment or horror. Our fashionable friend went thither only out of curiosity, and while there, gave evidence of considerable feeling. With a keen eye, he noticed every thing about him; as for the sable venus, Rosa Dinah Julianna, she came in for her treat and share of admiration. (!) The same almost, if not quite, might be said of every body—of one person in particular. It was the young woman to whom we briefly alluded in the first chapter. Somehow, young Bleackley's eyes fixed upon her; somehow, hers were rivetted on him, as though by a spell, she thought. Of her name, all that he could ascertain was that it was Jane. His suspicions of her unhappy and degraded condition were soon verified by detective McQuaff, a portion of whose valuable information, rendered to Edward Bleackley, we will now transcribe.

"Pretty, sure enough (he referred to Jane, repeating the word of the stranger) and young enough; but sold to ruin as sure as she is alive. About such girls there is a common story to be told, as applicable to one as to another. Cast on the sea of criminal life in our midst, they often have to play a varied character. Look at this Jane now, sir, and say how do you behold her?"

"Surrounded by sin, and arrayed in poor habits; but yet, how fair!" was the response of Bleackley.

"Exactly as you observe," went on the detective, apparently taking no notice of the latter part of Edward's sentence. "I shall surprise you, however, when I say that many such as this Jane change their feathers at stated seasons, and show gaily at the theatre and the saloon, and on the fashionable promenade, as in places like that we stand in, they show meanly—indeed, such is the change wrought on these occasions, that none but the eyes of the knowing ones could discover the identity. You see the young woman about whom you have inquired, as she is; you may meet her at a distant day, in a far different place, and to all appearances another person. So, what say you to taking a good look at her, if it is only to be enabled to know her again? That is what we, of the police, whose business it is to know every body, are obliged to do."

"Nay, I could rather not," returned Bleackley; "and see, as though to escape the chance of further scrutiny, the poor girl has gone."

"Vanished, as I am a detective!" exclaimed McQuaff. "But very likely to dress for some other party or occupation."

"Too late?" was the surprised inquiry of the young fashionable from up town.

"There is no time for settled rest among my friends here, responded the detective, with a professional air.

"But why this diversity of dress?" asked Edward.

"To cover a diversity of occupation," was the rejoinder of McQuaff. "All of these people are engaged in robbery, more or less; and females, if not principals in the business, are the most useful auxiliaries, and powerful in defeating the ends of justice. Their means are many, and not the least, the difficulties they throw in the way of identification, where they themselves are principals, and the harrassing inconveniences they suggest to unwilling witnesses, when mere agents in the acts of lawlessness."

"And does the same kind of arrangement prevail among the female criminals here?" was the natural inquiry of young Bleackley.

"Yes," replied McQuaff; "so far as several of them (I mean the aristocratic) are concerned. You may be astonished, but it is yet a fact that some half-dozen of the beauties we are among, are the dirtiest and the raggedest now, often pass for real slum-cleaners. To prove this, yonder is the man (he is from Germany and very smartest the lingo,) who, no very long time ago, passed among the fashionables of New York and other cities, as quite a great man from Europe."

Edward Bleackley felt himself instructed by these and other details of the great city in which we live, and before he parted with Mr. McQuaff, so expressed himself, besides placing in the detective's hand a goodly fee; the understanding between the two being that more mysteries of New York should be shown in due time and season. It was long past midnight when the two men separated, and but few of the vagabond crowd they had been with remained behind. Giles had been the earliest to quit. Baffled in his attempt at a fight, and sharing in the first treat of the visitor, he had bottled up, as it were, his vengeance against young Benson, meaning to bring it to bear against that individual at a proper time and opportunity, with something like the sudden effect of ginger beer exposed to the air. His latest exploit has been duly recorded.

It is time we should return to the Bensons, uncle and nephew. As the reader will imply, the younger was placed under the special tutelage of the elder, and proved himself an exceedingly apt scholar—a result partly attributable to his former lawless practices, though under very different circumstances to those which were to control him in his new sphere of action. If anything had been wanting to increase the confidence of John Benson respecting the cleverness of Henry in the path selected, it would have been supplied by the gallant bearing of the latter when threatened by the big bully, Giles. "Such a plucky fellow," said old John, "would be an honor to his profession." Alas! for his ignorance. What an honor that "plucky fellow" might have been to some more creditable practice than house breaking or sly theft! What green laurels might he not have earned in the roped arena, instructed in the rules of science, and emulated by the spirit of fair play!

"Bravo, Hen!" exclaimed the uncle and teacher of the novice, a few evenings subsequent to their first introduction in Church street. "You have acquitted yourself well under my training, and to-night you shall practice for the first time. Come, take a drink."

"That I would do without invitation," returned Henry Benson, "though I now do it, notwithstanding the compliment. There;" and the young fellow threw off a quantum of pale brandy.

The place in which we find the two relatives and co-partners in crime, was the home of both—for many years the sole residence of the elder—in an obscure street not far from the North River, and considerably up town. The house was a small one, and of a miserable aspect outside, presenting to the passer little save lath and plaster, dirty windows, and a closed door without either knocker or bell. But, inside, some attempts at comfort were visible, for in the parlor, where the confederates were sitting, a carpet covered the floor, and a few horse-hair and rosewood chairs, and a sofa of the same material, furnished the aids for rest. A substantial table was placed in the middle of the room, and numerous pictures were on the walls. These, it was evident, had been picked up at different times and places, and were objects not very classic. Some were in frames, but others (the portraits and landscapes from illustrated newspapers) minus that advantage, had been cut out, and arranged with a degree of order in the spaces between the more prominent specimens of the art pictorial. Two magnificent cut decanters, with the same number of glasses, also a silver basin for sugar, and white pitcher, containing warm water, were on the table; and a fire smouldered in the ample stove. To complete the furniture of the room, a large, extensive lamp, to hold camphene, also stood upon the table. It had just been lighted, for the sun had set after a day of gloom, promising a night of storm.

"The sooner the better," continued Henry, after throwing off his liquor, and in reply to his uncle's observations. "I long for the hour to come, as well I may after being inactive so long as I have been. If I mistake not, I shall make a splurge, and so do something towards replenishing the pockets of the 'society,' while I reflect credit on the smartness of myself and teacher."

"That's the right sort of talk, Hen," said the elder Benson, approvingly, not noticing, as anybody might, the expression of satire that passed over the nephew's face as he aspirated the word "teacher." But Henry went on:—

"There is something that I want to ask you about, as it becomes one so 'green' as myself (you see, Nunk, I have profited by your instructions in the lingo) to be thoroughly advised of all that is expected from him. On the occasion of my appearance to-night on a stage I have never yet trodden, all may not go well, you know. There may be a slip between the cup and the lip, as the old saying has it; in short, should there be—should my man become restive, what am I to do—mur——"

"That's an ugly word," exclaimed John Benson, interrupting his nephew, and a peculiar look passed over his face—a look that was always noticeable when the sin of homicide was directly alluded to. "Murder—killing, you mean," he resumed after a pause. "That must be left to your own discretion. But, as a sort of guide, remember that it is not the policy of any of our people to allow evidence to appear against them, if they can help it."

"Enough," responded Henry. "Now, as many hours have yet to elapse ere I set to work, and those I shall have to devote to rest, in accordance with your instructions—tell me, where am I to practice my sleight of hand to-night?"

"In a place where you have often rehearsed—where you took one of your finishing lessons to-day; in —— street," and old Benson whispered something to his relation, as though he thought the walls had ears, and he feared their knowing what he said.

"Indeed! I am glad of that!" exclaimed Henry, his face flushing—"very glad!"

Had a third person, with a very acute ear been present, he could have known what place was named by the elder desperado. The panel house in Thomas street!

CHAPTER IV.

A STORM—PEOPLE WILL SEEK PLEASURE IN ALL WEATHERS—A MIDNIGHT WAYFARER—GOING INTO THE LION'S DEN, OR, VISIT TO AN OLD, FAMILIAR PLACE—A BANQUET—THE DRUGGED CUP!—ADVANTAGE OF SOMETIMES SITTING OPPOSITE A LOOKING GLASS—A FEIGNED SLUMBER—THE PANEL OPENED—AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER—"THE CAPTAIN!"

It was past midnight, and a heavy storm was raging, just as the watchers of the weather had anticipated it would, many hours ago. Very bright was the lightning, very loud the thunder, and both the wind and the rain worthy their parts in the elemental disturbance. Yet, after that storm had commenced, thousands of pleasure seekers had gone forth to their accustomed haunts. At some of these, the reign of gaiety had been longer continued than at others, the result of which was, that at the late (or early) hour we have named, a carriage or so whisked past the corners of Broadway, or a returning pedestrian, for whom no convenient stage or hack appeared, was fain to make the best way he could to the house where he lived.

Such a person might have been seen between twelve and one o'clock, walking hurriedly down Broadway. First appearing on the block intersected by Broome and Grand streets, he made short work of his passage to the Park, turning from which, on the right, he was soon lost amidst the obscurity of the smaller streets that branch thence to the North River. It was a dangerous neighborhood he was tending to, but perhaps he was acquainted with the fact, and had made due preparations; or, perhaps, on such a night as that, the usual danger was not abroad.

"By Neptune's trident, that's a blazer!" exclaimed the stranger, whose speech indicated his connection with the seafaring life, and whose appearance would have done the same to anybody near enough to him to take note by the aid of that sheet of blue lightning. The pedestrian spoke more words, but they were utterly lost even to his own sense, in the sudden crash of thunder that followed the fiery rent in the heavens.

"This is as bad as a dead calm on the Indian Seas in summer," continued the man; "but of a very different sort. There we want a little of what we have too much here—wind and rain. Another blazer! On, on!"

Imagining ourselves in the place whither the man is tending, we see a handsomely furnished apartment on the floor above the parlors. It has an occupant—a female, young, beautiful, and gorgeously dressed. She is a familar *habitue* of the place; but if any body who has been in the custom of viewing her there, were to view her now, he would confess to a wide difference. Instead of a high color on her cheek, all is palor; a haze has apparently come over those once sparkling eyes; and the tongue that can be so voluble, and the laugh that can be so loud and cheering, are now not heard at all; though it is evident the young creature is communing to herself. Yet, no smile, not even the faintest, lights up her features.

A glance at the room would have been sufficient to indicate its uses and objects. On the mantle shelf was a handsome lamp, the flame emitted from which faintly illuminated the space sufficiently so, however, to prove that, by the aid of pictures and figures, the sensualities of the visitor where to be appealed to. The more ordinary appetites had been cared for by the provision of food and drink, which were displayed upon the table in the middle of the room. All the time, the storm raged violently out of doors; but a more terrible storm seemed to have its home in the bosom of that young woman, pacing unquietly up and down the apartment, which without her would have been quite solitary.

"It is a wretched life—that to which I am bound, and never did I feel so utterly wretched as I have of late, as I do to-night. Better to be dead—better even to be the poorest and most abject wanderer of the streets, so long as guilt is not on the soul. Yet, strange perversity! How difficult, if not impossible, to flee from the hated circle when once within it! These silken robes, this sparkling jewelry—what mockeries! Far more appropriate the poor rags in which I sometimes appear. And the end of all this—what does that promise to be? Promise to be, did I say? Rather should the words have been, will be. An early and a dishonored grave. And in the interval—oh, God! lost as I am, I dare not think of that. It is too terrible!"

It was after this fashion that the poor girl discoursed to herself.

At the moment the last word was upon her lips, a person in the lower part of the house was cognizant of a slight tinkling of the street door bell. She (for it was a woman, as every body in that house seemed to be) proceeded to ascertain who was outside, on the stoop. Opening the door cautiously, she was soon satisfied. A glance of mutual recognition passed quickly between this woman and the man who had rung the bell. Perhaps we shall not be surprising the reader when we say that the new comer was the sea-faring man first seen on Broadway.

Few words were spoken by either, and a significant motion of the woman's hand was followed by the man's ascension of the stairs. It was not his first visit to the place by many, but the interview he was to have with the young female in the handsome room above, was the commencement of his acquaintance with her. Whether under the spell of intoxication, the present visitor had been "fleeced" there, in the signification the elder Benson would have applied to the term, or had been spared for this special occasion, is more than we can tell.

He had not been many moments in the room, when he was invited very earnestly to test the quality of the viands before him. Under ordinary circumstances, more importunity would have been required in the case; but under the present, considerable less would have sufficed. Cutting short the solicitations of his entertainer, the sea-faring man, whom we shall designate as Freeman, took his seat at the table, and commenced to eat and drink of the things before him.

He had not been engaged very long in this agreeable manner, when, feeling his face much flushed (the consequence, no doubt, of his recent exercise and the wine he had quaffed) he raised his head, intent on taking a survey of his features in the looking-glass placed on the mantle shelf, immediately opposite to him. Not very much to his surprise, he saw that his face was of a deep red; at the same time, very much to his surprise, he was conscious that his companion, who stood behind him, was pouring something not wine, into a glass.

Freeman was cool and methodical in all he did, and without experiencing the slightest alarm, he determined to watch the issue of events. In an off-handed manner he bade his companion take a seat at the table with him—all the while looking at her well. The glass was yet in her hand; and as she prepared to obey him, Freeman saw that she placed it on a small side-table.

She was the first to break silence. "Come," she said; "you have drank some wine, I perceive, but you shall now receive a glass full of the ruby stream from my hands, which, I am sure, you will thank me for. It is of a rare vintage, indeed, and few people in New York have it."

"From so fair a hand I will take it with pleasure," rejoined the seaman.

The wine was soon given to him, when raising the glass to his lips, he interrupted himself in his apparent purpose; and motioned his Hebe towards the mantel for a strip of paper with which to light his segar.

In the interval, he dexterously spilled the contents of his glass under the table, and when his attendant met his glance again, he was removing the crystal from his lips.

"Good wine, indeed!" he said. "Yet I think it makes me wondrous drowsy;" and he glanced at the female, as though anxious to discover whether a surmise he had formed in his mind was correct or not. Concluding that it was, from the expression that crossed his companion's face, he determined to act accordingly; and very skilfully did he act, as the reader will confess, for a man who, from particular signs, had supposed the object of the girl with him to be to drug, if not to murder him!

Therefore did Freeman gradually desist from his meal—taking care to exhibit the generally accepted tokens of drowsiness, until, at length, he gently fell back in his chair, with his eyes apparently closed; he all the while, breathing in that low, short manner, indicative of a profound sleep. Notwithstanding all these shows, the seaman saw sufficient through the unperceived openings of his eyes, to satisfy him that the young female was gratified, and contemplated some new movement.

"Thank God! I am thus saved from additional pollution!" she exclaimed, "and now I can well act out the lesser crime—slave to circumstances that I am. I have done my part of the bidding of those to whom an evil destiny has bound me. It is now time for somebody else;" and she quitted the room hastily, through the door by which Freeman had entered.

Then, all was quiet for a few moments; when slowly, a portion of the wainscoating of the room was turned aside, and a man peeped through the space so left! It was the younger Benson. Stealthily approaching the seaman, he gazed upon his face, but the glance, intended to be cursory only, suddenly became fixed, while, involuntarily, from Henry's lips, escaped the exclamation:

"The Captain!"

At the sound of the name, Freeman started from his apparent slumber, and confronting the new comer, cried:

"Benson!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

ROUGH ON THE YANKS.

The following affecting epitaph is supposed to convey a very important fact. It was written by a lady, and is copied verbatim from a soldier's grave in the Wesleyan Cemetery, St. Louis, Mo.:—

"Here liye a stranger braiv,
who died while fitin the Suthern Confederacy to save
piece to his Dust
braive Suthern friend
from island 10
You reached a Glory us end.
We place these flowers above the stranger's hed
In honor of the chiverless ded,
Sweet spirit rest in heven
Ther'l be know Yankis thar."

WILD PETS OF A RUSSIAN PRINCE.

A STRANGE FANCY.

Among the last heard of oddities attracted to Paris by various motives, is said to be a Russian Prince of great wealth, his fortune being estimated at the respectable figure of $650,000 a year. A Paris correspondent of a Canada paper says he spends much of his time travelling, and having a passion for wild beasts, carries an extensive menagerie around with him. This nobleman, who has extensive estates in the Ural Mountains containing an emerald mine, and producing the finest malachite in existence, has spent immense sums in the purchase of wild beasts, and has succeeded in forming a very formidable collection, including a lion, two tigers, several panthers, a pair of hyenas, various monkeys, all excessively noisy, and other 'horrors' too numerous to mention. The Prince, on arriving here, took possession of the suite of rooms that had been previously engaged for him; and as he delights in poking up his tremendous pets and setting them all roaring together, previous to feeding them, the dismay of the successive layers of tenants who filled the rest of the house from garret to cellar, may easily be conceived. The frightful news of the establishment of a *menagerie of bona fide* wild beasts in a private dwelling soon circulated throughout the neighborhood, throwing all the inhabitants into spasms of terror. Complaints poured in upon the police authorities, and the guardians of the public peace "transported themselves" to the Prince's lodgings without delay, satisfied themselves that the animals were really there, informed him that the harboring of these dangerous and noisy pets was against the law, and ordered him to get rid of them. The Prince, on his side, set forth the impossibility of his giving up a collection which he had formed at so great a cost and on which he had set so high a value; and entreated, as he was only passing through Paris, *en route* for Livonia, where he has an immense domain, with a chateau, and plenty of accommodation for his beasts, to be allowed to keep them, offering to buy out all the other tenants on terms that would indemnify them for the loss and cost of their removal, and to take such precautions as the police authorities should dictate against all danger of the escape of the animals. As the house stands alone, and possesses a large internal court round which the cages of the animals can be conveniently ranged, the difficulty was thus got rid of. The other tenants have quitted the building, taking with them their goods and chattels, and a handsome indemnity paid down at once by the eccentric Russian. The latter has rented the entire house, and is so much pleased with an arrangement which leaves him free to give the range of the premises to his roaring darlings that he has determined to remain here through the winter.

A SPUNKY LITTLE OPERA SINGER.—The gossipping Paris correspondent of the Montreal *Herald* describes as one of the great successes of the season in the gay capital, our charming little prima donna, Adelina Patti, whom he describes as aged nineteen, very beautiful, possessed of an admirable voice, great aptness for the stage, and promising to take the highest rank as an operatic performer. She was born and trained (says this writer) in New York, her mother being a Spaniard and a successful Concert-singer [Hear that, Mme. Patti!] her father an Italian, a skilful teacher of singing. The new diva (continues this lively oracle) has a pretty air of artfulness and independence that takes immensely with the Parisians. Being probably determind to show that she is not intending to follow in the steps of her rivals, all of whom are believed to have made violent attempts on the Emperor, (not usually supposed to have been thrown away) she persisted, when the Emperor was present, in never looking towards the Imperial box, or taking the slightest notice of the Imperial applause. Towards the end of the evening the Emperor threw on the stage a beautiful boquet, out of which rolled a magnificent diamond ring. The daring little beauty took no notice of the honor, but finished her part, and quitted the stage without directing a single curtsey towards the Emperor, whose gift was picked up and carried into the green room by one of the singers. The Emperor is said to be much amused by the unusual behavior of the new favorite; and all Paris is in raptures at the originality and independence of which she has given proof, and which they explain to their perfect satisfaction by the fact of her having been brought up in America.

THE DEVIL HE DID!—Paris Spinello, a Tuscan painter, is said to have painted Lucifer, in his picture of the fallen angels, in so hideous a manner that he was affrighted at his own work, and it affected his senses ever after.

TOM SINGLETON'S DEBUT;

OR,

AN ACCIDENTAL SOMERSAULT.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY JOHN F. GILWEE.

It is not quite seven years since the author of this story heard related one of the funniest and most comical first appearances on the public stage that probably ever was listened to. The incident was narrated by the hero himself, in the presence of a number of happy, jovial spirits, that could appreciate and enjoy a good joke. It was related in such a happy, easy manner, that the walls of a very cosy "shades" in the vicinity of the CLIPPER office, echoed back the hearty roars of laughter that rang through the premises.

The party assembled on that occasion was of a very singular and peculiar mixture. It was, in fact, an impromptu reunion of theatrical, literary, and sporting men, brought together by mere accident, and summoned to the meeting by the popular greeting, "How are you?" "Come and take tay in the Arbor," being the countersign, this entire party of "hail fellows well met" retired to the apartment from whence this narrative takes its date, and there, for five consecutive hours, had the merriest time the author ever recollects to have spent.

Each sport, on his turn, told his own story, and gave his experiences, as Aminadab Sleek would say, and it does my heart good, even now, to think of strange, queer, and racy anecdotes related upon that jolly and festive occasion. The character of those little tales was the most remarkable part of the soiree. They were given in the natural and professional vein of the relators, and told with such a truthfulness of character, that even the good St. Anthony, if he were present, would have sacrificed the waist of his pantaloons. Jokes on the turf, jokes at wedding parties, jokes on theatrical and minstrel experiences, and even jokes on the editorial department of sporting papers, convulsed the party in rapid succession, until every single soul in that gay, convivial crowd, leaned back in their chairs, and panted for breath, like a worsted game cock.

It was a scene worthy of the "Knights of the Corkscrew" or the "Round Table."

Tom Singleton, the hero of my story, and considered by those who knew him well, to be one of the dryest jokers that ever lived, sat most of the time puffing away on his cigar and rubbing his fine broad forehead as if he had been trying to get something or another through his wool, was asked at last to "say something." He raised himself in his chair, his face wearing all the seriousness of a deacon's, and said:—

"If I tell my story, I know you'll all balyhase me for my own stupidity; but since you've all had your say, I'm going to jerk my little reminiscence."

"George," he said, addressing a brother professional, "did I ever tell you about my first appearance on any stage?"

"No, Tom," answered George Burgess; "but first appearances are generally rich affairs, and I should like to hear of yours. Tom and I have seen some high old times on the amateur boards—I won't say stage—Heaven save the mark'—boards is the word. But let them say what they will to the amateurs, the best of them have started and taken their cue from the amateur prompter."

"That's a fact!" was the unanimous approval of the sock and buskin men.

"Well, Tom," resumed George Burgess, "go on with your story."

Tom Singleton, drawing himself up to a straight position in his settee, and laying his Havana on the table, said:—

"Well, it is not a long tale, and if you 'lend me your ears,' I will this tale unfold."

"I suppose most of you recollect when I, leaving the Murdock Dramatic Association, put in a proposal to become an actor to the Grand Vizier of the American Cabinet of Wonders and Dramatic Entertainments in the lower part of Broadway. This grand temple of the drama, you know, has the advantage of being located in a sacred vicinity. The lofty spires of St. Paul's and the holy Trinity look down and revere its picturesque roof. How is that, Cully. 'Dost thou like the picture?'"

"Oh, to —— with the 'Lady of Lyons,'" responded a polite rooster, whose head had been continually bowing to the corner of the table at which he was seated.

"All right," returned Tom, "the head and front of my offending hath this extent—no more."

"Interruption," ejaculated another festive spirit.

"Well," resumed Tom, "as I am with a nice party, I will let Shakespearean quotations slide, and go on with the yarn."

"I obtained the engagement, my stated biz. being general utility, and leader of the choruses. I was some on the sing at that time, having brought down the house many a time and oft, in some very select Free and Easies. My *debut* was to take place on the opening night of the season, the play selected for that occasion being Mister O'Keefe's comedy of 'Wild Oats' in which I was to play the Landlord. The recollection will never leave this poor, distracted brain. I went to the spout shop early in the evening in order to be all right and ready when I was called. I had just begun to strip according to directions, when I heard a heavy step getting up stairs to my dressing room. I anxiously turned my eyes toward the door, not being accustomed to a surprise you know when I was half undressed. In a second a man with a fearful expression of countenance, representing himself as the costumer of the crib, flung open the door, with a miscellaneous pile of duds upon his arm, and says to me, with a sneer that almost dried up my blood, 'Do you play the Landlord in this piece?' I don't exactly know what fortitude or firmness I used in answering him, but I believe I nodded my head. That man actually frightened me out of my boots; for when he struck our little dressing room, he carried on his arm two or three of those wrappers that are worn by the demons in 'Don Juan.' When his nibs left me my character knee breeches, red vest and coat at my feet on the floor, he tramped down stairs and left me to finish my 'make up.' This completed, I looked after my 'Wild Oats,' but found that the part I had known perfectly by heart in the morning was as great a mystery to me as the Paradise that Milton never gained to lose.

"'All ready for the first act,' sang out the prompter. The stage-manager gorgeously dressed as Rover stood at the first entrance on the left side of the stage. I stood on the right, or prompter's side, waiting for the curtain being wrung up, and Rover's call: 'Landlord!' This call immortalized me. You see, the scene was a flat, and behind the scene stood one of the biggest flats, I suppose, that ever was ushered on that stage.

"The prompter, desirous of promoting native talent, stood at my elbow, in order to tell me the proper moment to 'go on.' I, perplexed, timid, and fearful as a spanked baby, tried at the last moment to screw my courage to the sticking point, and when Rover bellowed: 'What ho, there, Landlord! Landlord!' the prompter sent me 'on,' and I went down the stage headforemost, and never halted until I went clear over the footlights into the orchestra, performing one of the most remarkable somersaults, (not at all set down in the bills,) that probably ever was witnessed in a dramatic performance on any stage.

"In this act one of my pumps struck the leader of the orchestra smack in the face, knocked him down, broke the piano, and laid the bass viol with its performer flat on the broad of his back. Probably the funniest part of the somersault was that in my falling the green spectacles of the trombone player were smashed to smithereens, a corner of one of the glasses sticking fast into the 'heiker's' nose. Such an uproar never was heard in a theatre before. The house was filled from pit to dome. The whole audience rose to their feet, clapped their hands, shouted, and roared to the fullest extent of their lungs, while I, seized by the exasperated crotchetty knaves of the orchestra, was chucked body and bones on to the stage again.

"Rover perceiving the novelty of the character, 'took the stage,' and joined in the tremendous merriment going on in the front part of the house. I stood by the prompter's box trembling like an aspen leaf, my 'poor feet' actually refusing to bear me up. I couldn't see the joke, you can bet your life on that. In vain did Rover try to check the applause and uproar that my first comic act produced, but when he turned to me, and tried to speak, he reluctantly burst out into a loud laugh, and retired up the stage again. My success was complete. I had undoubtedly made my mark. A palpable hit, sir. If I was considered a humbug, I knew I wasn't the only one in the establishment, and that was one consolation, anyhow.

"The storm subsided, however, in eight or ten minutes, and I performed my part with Rover in a satisfactory manner to myself if not to any one else."

"How the h—l did you do that act Tom," inquired George Burgess gasping for breath, while every one in the whole party was holding on to his lower ribs with as tight a grip as their digets would allow, and could not speak.

"Why, George," responded Tom, "I was too ambitious and too green; and thinking that the entrance scene door was even with the green baize laid in the act, I rushed on, was tripped by the baize of the flat, and sent heels over head into the orchestra."

Tom Singleton re-lit his cigar, and followed one of the merriest crowds of New York boys we ever saw enjoy each other's company upon the story of his *debut*.

A FOOLISH PARAGRAPH.—In the illustration of the powers of imagination, the case of the old lady who watched the vane to see when her rheumatism was going to begin, is not equal to that of the storekeeper, who painted the lower part of his stove red, and saved seventy-five per cent. in the consumption of wood thereby during the winter. The illusion was so complete, that one man tried to make him pay for a pair of boots that he had burned on the stove.

BIG TIME ON ICE.—Two young men coasted half way down the White Mountains the present winter on hand sleds. They passed the distance of four miles in nineteen and a half minutes, and the last two miles in two and a half minutes.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1863.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. H. L., Rouse's Point, N. Y.—"1. If a horse undertakes to trot a straight mile alone on time, and at the first post there is a flag to be dropped when he enters upon the mile, and another at the end, to be dropped when the horse passes the mile post, should not the first flag be dropped when his nose enters upon the mile post? 2. I bet that J. C. Heenan's brother, who is in England, and is, or was, travelling in another circus, sparring, etc., is a much smaller man than John C. Please give me his height and weight as near as possible."....1. "T'other end" has nothing to do with it. His nose is the deciding point. 2. We cannot tell you exactly; but about 5 feet 7 inches in height, and 140 lbs., in weight.

ONE OF THE WAR COMMITTEE, Trenton.—1. The "flush and straight" does not beat a full. 2. There are "cullud persons" employed in our Custom House, but whether as full-fledged clerks or not, we have been unable to ascertain; our opinion is, that the colored employees at the Custom House are *not* placed on an equality with the white clerks. 3. We do not understand the game.

BURNT CORK.—"1. In a game of Euchre between two players, A and B, if A leads the right bower—Jack of hearts—and B has no heart in his hand, but has the left bower, is he obliged to play the left, or can he play another card? 2. Where did Nelse Seymour come from when he was engaged by Bryants?".....1. Must play the left bower. 2. From Philadelphia.

SIOUX, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.—"In case of an over-scoring at cribbage, what is the penalty?".....He who takes more points than he is entitled to, when reckoning his hand or crib, or scoring for a penalty, may be put back as many points as he has over-scored, and then his adversary may add the same amount to his own account.

M. S., Binghampton, N. Y.—We don't exactly understand now, what you mean by "two odd balls." When three hundred are made in ten frames, twelve balls are rolled, two more than are necessary if the roller fails to make either a "strike" or a "spare" in the last frame; and here it is, therefore, where the "two odd balls" come in, if anywhere. Is that the "pint?"

BROOKLYN BOY.—Heenan was hunted down from place to place, but we are not aware that he was imprisoned. The generalship of Jack Macdonald, Jim Cusick and Fred Falkland, stopped their "little game," and the Boy managed to keep clear from the law's clutches.

A SUBSCRIBER.—1. There is not much dress about it, the lady displaying herself in tights. You had better drop in and take a look at her. 2. Apply to the gentleman who advertises photographs in our paper.

CONSTANT READER, Quincy, Ill.—1. Our impression is, that a family of the number described, can live comfortably in Jersey City or near this city on $1400 per annum. 2. A complete sett of the CLIPPER cannot be had "for love nor money."

RASSANIO.—1. Those prize stories were never published in book form. 2. The lady is a sister of Mrs. Barney Williams and Mrs. Florence. 3. Fanny is soon to appear at the Winter Garden, we understand.

AMICUS, Philadelphia.—1. When each player counts the same towards game, the non-dealer is entitled to score the point. 2. The Walnut was first opened as an amphitheatre in 1809, and as a theatre in 1820.

SUPERCARGO.—1. He has been here two or three months. 2. Farrenberg, now in England, was middle man with Matt. Peel's Minstrels at the time stated. 3. They are said to be divorced. 4. We are informed that the lady is residing in this city.

M. J. H., Taunton, Mass.—The rule says that point should be settled before commencing play. Our opinion is, that no player can go alone when a partner assists.

R. A. D., Catskill.—The rules of the P. R., are for the seconds to shake hands before the fight commences, as well as the principals.

A FIREMAN, Nashua.—We believe there are 15 steam fire engines in this city, two of which are run by hose companies, and thirteen now in active service.

BRANTFORD.—Sporting and theatrical items used, for which accept our thanks. The others being somewhat out of our line, are omitted.

C. MC., Brooklyn.—1. We do not want any such at present. 2. Joe Goss did beat Ryall in their first fight.

RHODA.—Address J. N. Gimbrede, 585 Broadway, who will give you all particulars. We are not in that line of printing.

WASH. T., U. S. A.—We cannot place them just now. Send your letter to us, and we will try to hunt them up, and deliver it.

MADAME E. F., Detroit.—It can appear as an advertisement only; but our advice is, don't have it published at all.

MOSE.—1. The lady's age we do not know. 2. That is his correct name.

JUSTICE, Philadelphia.—We have several in your city, already. Let us have a specimen of your abilities, please.

B. J. B.—We do not know where they are stationed. We are not "up" in military affairs.

S. E., Trenton, N. J.—His voice is a tenor. A letter sent to our care will reach him.

H. J. D.—It is a well-written song, but just now we would rather not publish it.

"PIPES."—We've lost your address. Where are you now?

W. R.—Those sketches have some time to run yet.

A. W. L., Woodbourne, N. Y.—There was no enclosure.

COPERNICUS, St. Louis.—Acceptable, as you may perceive.

"BUZZIN."—Will look it over. Thank you.

STANWOOD, Cincinnati.—All right.

T. H. R.—In our next.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—For some days past, rumors have been rife in this city, of movements—advance movements—of the army of the Rappahannock. We have had no faith in these reports, for we do not believe the President will consent to another slaughter of our soldiers, for slaughter, if not annihilation, it would prove to be. Our forces are all brave and loyal men, and fear no danger; but they will not again march into any murderous trap, such as that they were ordered into on the 13th of December. Every day the army is losing confidence in the administration, and are more and more impressed with the belief that the powers that rule at Washington are incompetent for a proper guidance of our Ship of State through the troubled waters that now surround her. Instead of an advance movement, we shall not be surprised if the army is broken up, scattered to different points, and sent into winter quarters. The truth of the matter is, the army of Virginia is *too near Washington* to hope to be successful in any advance. A change will have to be made somewhere—a change must be made in the Cabinet, or there will be a great change in the army of Virginia. The soldiers are dissatisfied with the manner in which the administration conducts the affairs of the nation; the people are dissatisfied, and protest against keeping in power an imbecile government. Matters are approaching a climax. Let the administration be warned.

LEGISLATIVE ELOQUENCE.—The contest for the Speakership at Albany has been hot and strong, and much talk has been indulged in, for and against Callicott's conduct. But here is a strain of eloquence (?) from the mouth of one Hughes, as we find it in the *Sun* of Jan. 19, which, had it originated with a newspaper, would have been classed among the obscene, and the police would soon have made a descent upon the establishment. Why, Paul de Kock could not have framed such a paragraph. Read the filthy stuff, and see what manner of men our representatives are:—

"He (Callicott) has hovered around this house for the last six days like a political prostitute, plying his trade, exposing his person, performing his lascivious gestures, until at length the republican party enter into an illicit connection with him, and his election will be the bastard offspring of their embrace."

"BILL YARDS ON A FROLIC."—On the evening of Tuesday, 27th of Jan., something worth seeing in the way of billiards, is expected to eventuate at Geary's Billiard Saloon, No. 22 Courtlandt street, as all the big guns are there and then to congregate. An important match between Goldthwaite, who hangs out his shingle there, and some other first class player, is expected to be made that evening. Go and see.

J. R. SCOTT DRAMATIC CLUB.—The sixth annual ball of this association will be given at the Irving Rooms, on the 29th inst.

CHANTICLEER CAMPAIGN.—Two distinct armies of feathered warriors are to meet in battle array at Utica, N. Y., on Feb. 5th, under the generalship of Frank Jordan, of Utica, and Robert Christian, of Schuyler, respectively. The trophies to be fought for are $20 each battle and $80 on the odd fight. The weights of the respective combatants are to be from 4 lbs. 4 oz. to 5 lbs. 4 oz. Whether the Christians will be submerged in Jordan, or whether they will cross safely over, we shall, no doubt, be duly informed. Money is expected to change hands in a lively manner, and the strife is looked forward to with eagerness.

ROYAL COCK FIGHT.—There was a battle royal of eight cocks fought last week at the CLIPPER SHADES, Cincinnati, at $5 entrance for each cock, which was won by Pat McCormack.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER.

"THE UNKNOWN" BACKED BY A CITIZEN OF THE STATES.

The obscurity enveloping the identity of the unknown boxer who is next to enter the lists against Jem Mace for the Championship of England, *the Belt*, and $1000 a side, remains, as in legal parlance, *in statu quo*. Some light has been thrown on the subject of his nationality, however, and it would seem more and more certain that he *is an American*, inasmuch as "an American gentleman, *whose accent most decidedly proved him to be a citizen of the States*," was on hand with the second deposit of £25 at the time and place appointed. The inference is, therefore, that the gladiatorial aspirant who chooses to remain incognito, is an American, and sufficiently strong to warrant us, "until we sit corrected," in considering it another International Prize Fight. The gentleman with the accent, and those controlling the affair on "our side," appear to be posted, and are shrewd enough, at all events, to keep their own counsel, as his "guess" in reference to the next deposit, and the "know-nothingness" with which the unknown hero is kept enshrouded, makes fully manifest. We are glad of this, and accept it as a premonition of final success, as it will tend to prevent the authorities and others from getting up a one-sided hunt, and tracking our man from place to place while in process of training. Secresy is the word, and we hope it will be fully carried out until "the development of the plot" in the ring. We bought experience dearly in the Heenan vs. Sayers affair; let us therefore take advantage of it as far as permitted. Till it is safe "to blow" then, let "mum be the word." In reporting particulars of the second deposit, the London sporting papers of Jan. 10 and 11, remark as follows:—

"Although no money was staked on Tuesday last, according to advertisement, at Jem Mace's, the Old King John, Holyweli-lane, Shoreditch, still, the second deposit of £25 was posted yesterday, when the Unknown's money was put down by a gentleman whose accent most decidedly proved him a "citizen of the States," and the *affectionate* manner in which he asked after the whereabouts of the belt, showed that he had a "large eye" on the trophy for his "copatriot." On being asked where the next deposit would be made, he stated he "guessed" he had three weeks yet to decide, but would inform the stakeholder in sufficient time. As far as the matter has progressed, it presents a much more genuine aspect, but beyond the present staking, as above, there is nothing new."—*Sporting Life.*

"JEM MACE AND THE UNKNOWN,—A further deposit of £25 a side for this match has been posted in our hands, and the backer of the Unknown, an American gentleman, has to name the time and place for the next staking. In order to satisfy both parties as to the Belt, we beg to say it is at present in the hands of a silversmith, who has promised to forward it to us in the course of the week."—*Bell's Life.*

"Nothing further has transpired as to the Mysterious Stranger who is to fight Mace for the Belt under the usual conditions of £200 a side. It was a mere formal proceeding, that same "staking" at Jem Mace's on Tuesday night. The cash must be handed over to the final stakeholder before the close of the week, or the bubble will burst.—*Ill. Sporting News.*

By the above it will be seen that *Bell* and the *Sporting Life* still persist in fixing the nativity of the Unknown on this side of the big pond, but whether the wish is father to the thought remains to be developed. The *Illustrated* appears to be still doubtful, and suspicious that the whole thing is a hoax. If it is so, while we give the parties credit for their skill in getting up a farce, we shall feel sorry that an American could be found to lend a helping hand in "so foul a deed." Allow us to say, however, that we believe that either that feller with an accent was not a *bona fide* American; or that it is a square thing, and an international pugilistic encounter is on.

THE UNKNOWN.

A CLUE TO HIS IDENTITY.

The match for the English Championship is still the topic in sporting circles both here and in England. Below we give a communication from a correspondent who favored us with several interesting items of news from the other side during the pendency of the great International Match between Heenan and Sayers. In his present letter, the writer says he has a clue to the identity of the "Unknown." We give the document publicity, leaving our readers to draw their own conclusions:—

THE UNKNOWN.—A SECRET IMPARTED.—FRANK QUEEN—During the Heenan and Sayers pugilistic controversy, I wrote you several communications, since which time I have been kept posted, through the CLIPPER, of any and every thing worth knowing in sporting news. About a week ago you invited opinions as to the result of King and Mace's fight, some asserting that Mace sold the fight. How such an idea ever entered into the minds of *sane men*, I cannot imagine, and it was just such a finish as (I predicted through your columns, at the time) would be likely to end in a summary manner the Great International Fight. The blow given by King was what he attempted and waited to put in all through the fight, and although the opportunity he got was by a slip on Mace's part, still he got it in, and the result is now a matter of history. It was one of Jem Ward's favorite maxims to every man he takes an interest in, to wait patiently and take all without grumbling and *"bide your time."* It was just such another, *on the mark*, that sent Ben Caunt all abroad in his last fight with Bendigo, when Ward took care of the latter, and no doubt King benefited by the advice of his late mentors; 6 to 1 going a begging by Mace's friends, and a sell on his part—pshaw!!!

Respecting the "Unknown," you seem all in a haze. I have it from a RELIABLE SOURCE from over the Atlantic, that the late fight between Broome and Baker was to determine who should have the choice with Mace for the championship, as it was well known three months ago that King was bound to his wife and relatives to fight no more, win or lose, and it is a question of health, at the end of three months from date of articles, who is who. One or the other is the *"Unknown."* Broome, of course, is the choice at present, but if he is not in a fit condition to undertake a thorough preparation, then Baker is the man—at present it is purely *unknown*, but Mace has his work cut out with either. The affair was put up on the quiet at Aldershot, and is known only to a few, my friend in camp being in the secret. I may be wrong in divulging the matter, but I was not bound to secresy. Here is his paragraph:—"We had a splendid fight last week between Broome and Baker. The Young 'Un won. *He will now fight Mace.* At present, much surmise is afloat. We made up the purse in camp, and if Broome keeps all right for three months, he is the man; if not, the Old 'Un will enter, and I can assure you, will show a good record. This was a trial as to which we would back, as we all knew Tom (King) was bound three months ago (to his wife and her relatives) to fight *no more*, after his championship battle, lose or win. I don't think Mace can keep the belt. At any rate, we wish to see a *better* man have it, and either Broome or Baker can tie him up close." Now, Mr. Queen, you have the document, and as I know no one to whom I think early information is more due than yourself, you have it 24 hours after receipt, and up to this time, I guarantee, the *only one* to whom I have named it.

Yours very truly, HINTON.

January 21, 1863.

PEDESTRIAN CHALLENGE.—Being dissatisfied with my defeat in the five mile race at the National Theatre, Jan. 12th, I hereby challenge the winner, Mr. James Griffin, to run me a ten mile race for $200 a side and the championship of America—the race to take place in two or three weeks from date—both to start together. Mr. John Grindell claims to be the champion ten mile runner of America, having run ten miles in fifty-seven minutes, twenty-two and a half seconds; and, should that time be beaten in this race, the winner of the same has a right to claim the Championship, until again beaten by Mr. Grindell; and the winner of this race shall run Grindell the same distance, at any reasonable time that Grindell chooses. If this suits Mr. Griffin, I will stake the money as soon as he accepts this challenge.

Boston, Jan. 21, 1863. P. COAKLEY, Pedestrian.

THE MATCH MADE.—Since the above was in type, we are in receipt of another letter, bearing date the 23d, and by it we learn that all the money, $200, is now up, and the men are to run their ten miles on Friday, February 6. It will come off either on the Sangus or Bridgewater Trotting Parks. Jimmy Griffin has commenced his training at Bridgewater, and Coakley at Somerville. The latter's friends say he can run ten miles within the hour without training, and no doubt considerable money will be invested "on time" as well as the race. Griffin's friend's are equally willing to back their man, and we may look for an exciting and interesting race. The winner will, by some, be considered champion ten mile runner of America, if he beats Grindell's time, which may bring "Soldier John" on the track again.

BRADY'S GYMNASIUM.—A RECEPTION AND HOP.—Our leading gymnastic academies have lately inaugurated a class of entertainment termed receptions, at which the lady friends of the members are invited to witness the progress the latter make in physical improvement. These receptions are beneficial and interesting in many respects, for they act as incentives to the scholars and tend to advance the progress of physical education. On Thursday, Jan. 22, one of these interesting receptions took place at Brady's Gymnasium, in Eighth street, the exercises being appropriate, and closing with a "hop," in which recreation the lady visitors took a very active part. The music of the 7th regiment band added its attractions to the evening's amusement, and the whole affair passed off greatly to the credit of the establishment and its gentlemanly proprietors.....On Thursday next, 29th inst., Mr. Avon C. Burnham's pupils give their fourteenth reception at his gymnasium in Brooklyn, and we have no doubt another galaxy of the fair ones of Brooklyn will be present on this occasion as on that of the last reception given a few weeks since.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

THE ORIENTAL, No. 116 Bowery, between Grand and Hester streets, New York. The subscriber respectfully informs his friends and acquaintances, that he has taken the above house, which he opened on Monday evening, June 9th, 1862. The Bar will be supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors, and Segars. The Proprietor will do everything in his power to promote comfort. 10-tf JOHN ROCHE.

THE DEER'S HEAD.—JACK BATH'S house, No. 25 Houston, near Crosby street, is the stopping place of all who love "good cheer and good beer," sparkling liquors and prime Havanas. His portrait gallery has everybody worth seeing on exhibition, and Jack delights in explaining them. Fun and frolic the order, day and night. 36

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOWLING ROOM, No. 535 Broadway, (under the Prescott House,) is the only perfect TEN PIN SALOON in New York. The Manager for thirteen years had charge of the Bowling Room at the Astor House. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality. 40-tf PETE GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

ARRIVAL OF CON OREM,

THE CONQUEROR OF ENOCH DAVIS AND CHAMPION OF COLORADO.

What with the late extraordinary descent on Bill Clarke's and Jack Bath's, the great glove fight for Wednesday night, and the arrival of the long-expected Con Orem, Champion of Colorado, there's been more "chin music," as Tom Quick would observe, among the sporting fraternity the past week, than we've had since the Heenan and Sayers great tournament. One excitement swallows up another, and so we go—up to-day and down to-morrow. It is lucky for Messrs. Captain Williamson, Sergeant Hughes, Phillip Farley, and the whole caboodle that are "in together," that the boys have had something else to talk about, or instead of two indictments against them, there might (if perseverance and money go for anything) have been half a dozen.

The gladiator whom we, in conjunction with our neighbor, Squire Barrass, of the Rocky Mountain *News*, induced to pay our city a visit, lost no time in calling at the CLIPPER office, and exhibited to us one of the most unique and valuable belts we've seen in some time. It was presented to him by the citizens of Denver City, to evince their appreciation of his gallantry in meeting all comers, and for his gentlemanly, temperate, and manly demeanor generally. The belt cost between $300 and $400, is of solid silver, neatly inlaid with nuggets of Colorado gold, and fastened with a massive gold buckle. Appropriate words are engraved on the plate, and on opening the same, a very cunning little picture of the champion in fighting costume gives a neat finish to the whole arrangement. It may be seen at any time at Mr. Clarke's saloon.

Mr. Orem is a much smaller man than we anticipated, has a rural, rugged, and wiry appearance, but is very affable and gentlemanly in conversation. They say he strips magnificently, and is nothing but bone and muscle. We should infer this from his abstemious mode of living, for he neither drinks, smokes, chews, or indulges in any of those excesses so proverbial and almost unavoidable with a New York sporting man. Con is now stopping at Bill Clarke's, and intends prolonging his stay with us two or three months. He speaks very highly of the kind treatment he has thus far universally received, and scarcely a day goes by but that he finds some new and interesting amusements, such as yachting, shooting, driving, etc., in all of which he is an expert. As the Champion will spar on Wednesday night, we shall have more to say about him next week, and hope to be enabled to give a sketch of his life.

BOXING IN CINCINNATI.—Johnny Loudon had a fine benefit at the CLIPPER Shades on Tuesday evening, the 15th inst. The weather was very bad. It had snowed for twenty-four hours previous, falling to the depth of some eighteen inches. Notwithstanding all this, the house was completely "chocked up." The first set-to was between Johnny Loudon and Dave Drake, who displayed great science and natural skill, proving they were up to the time of day. Second, Jim Kane and Barney Duffey, formerly of Cleveland, of the give-and-take style, with a merry wind-up. Third, Tom and Jim Brown, two heavy weights who suited each other to death, although if either one had had smaller men, somebody would have got hurt; its not correct that the Browns are soon to appear *a la* Leotard. Fourth, Tom Brown and an Unknown, resulting in a "dead gut" (that's what the boys say, you know, but it's not in Webster) for Tom, as he handled him like a whip-top. Fifth, Johnny Loudon and Tom Ryan—"an illigant affair all over," with no let up till both their respiratories needed replenishing. Sixth, Jim Brown and Barney Duffey, uneven as weights, but Brown showed he is destined to be a hard hitter and a clever sparrer, while his opponent (Duffey, light weight) is still a quick and scientific boxer. Seventh, Young Bob Brettle, the Bucktown Pet, and Old Frank Buckney, (Johnny Loudon's Novice) both contrabands; this set-to was "go in" from the start, both drawing the claret freely. Eighth, Jack Gardner of New Orleans, and Johnny Loudon. Gardner was out of practice, but showed science that many of the first class boxers might envy; he is no stranger to hard blows. There were several sets-to afterwards, but the last and best was the wind-up between Johnny Loudon and Barney Duffey, "The Cleveland Pet." When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." They had both sparred several times during the evening, and consequently were somewhat tired, but they came up knowing some one was going to get hit. They had five hot and heavy rounds, showing themselves to be thorough masters of the art, and that they were used to hard knocks. Both are pupils of Johnny Mackey. Thus ended a bully exhibition and a bully benefit.

YOUNG GRADY'S BENEFIT.—On Monday, the 19th, this youngster, who used to handle "Grayback" so easily before he commenced growing, had a benefit at Montgomery Hall, Prince street, and a pretty good house. Old Tovee officiated as speaker to the house—a task he understands so well, that we shall have to send him up to Albany to split the difference, if those fellows fritter away any more time. Captain Villiam, to keep match with the youth thus honored by a complimentary, selected mostly all young fellows to set-to, amongst them Bill Dixey vs. Badger Higgins, Grady vs. Berrigan, Brennan vs. Meakel, Bill Hogan vs. Young Kerrigan, Murphy vs. Hurley, Young Cusick vs. Billy Doyle, Hogan vs. Dublin Mike, Garvey vs. Dorsey, Smith vs. Grady, and the wind-up between Dick Holywood, of the CLIPPER Shades, and Young Grady. Those specially worthy of mention were Kerrigan, Hogan, Doyle, Cusick, Garvey, Dorsey, and "Smith," (how *are* you, Shiner?) Badger Higgins is in a bad way for a wooden overcoat: he is very sick indeed. "Dublin Mike," or Mike Reagan, one of our brave soldier pugs, looks the same old two and sixpence. He is on parole, and expects a commission when he goes back to Old Virginny—we hope he may get it. Dorsey had recently returned from Boston, and is quite anxious for a tussle with somebody about 110 lbs., "for greenbacks." If nobody takes him up, the boys will pronounce him Cock of the Walk. Shall these things be? Grady and Holywood showed almost to perfection, exhibiting any quantity of hard thumps, whereby Richard stood his ground like a Fire Zouave. Grady set-to twice before, yet possessed as much steam at the last as at the first. He's a tough sort of a cuss, any how. Holywood's friends fancy him for a go with Nobby Clarke for $300 or $500 a side. We don't see what's in the way to prevent this, if both are willing to sail in. As for Young Grady, we hardly know who would best suit him—that is, if he is going to travel on the muscle. Talk out, somebody, and let us have an excitement of some kind.

THE GREAT FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS GLOVE FIGHT.—The match between Joe Coburn and Bill Clarke is creating the biggest kind of excitement among the "cognoscenti." In addition to their trial for superiority and to prove who is the best scienced man in New York, the celebrated Con Orem, Champion of Colorado, who recently arrived here from the Rocky Mountains, will put on the gloves with Australian Kelly. This alone ought to fill the house, and those who miss seeing the Champions of Australia and Colorado put up their hands, will be sorry for it afterwards. Owney Geoghegan and Ed. Touhey, and Jem Giddings and Dwyer, will also appear, and all will be attired in ring costume, with seconds, etc. Izzy Lazarus is likewise willing to box anybody that looks like him, barring Tovee, because he don't look like him pretty much. Altogether, there'll be a high old time. Don't forget Wednesday evening, January 28, at Mozart Hall, 663 Broadway. Coburn and Clarke spar half an hour, and whoever plants oftenest on his man's dial in that time, pockets the snug sum of $400. It's worth trying for, and you can bet it will be no child's play, either. A referee is to be chosen from the audience. Sparring to commence at 8 o'clock precisely. Tickets of admission, One Dollar.

PRIZE FIGHT IN COLUMBUS.—THE WINNING MAN COMING TO NEW-YORK.—A rousing good battle was very successfully got off about a mile east of Columbus, Ohio, on the 9th inst., between Ned White, of that city, and Bill Price, alias Canada Bill. Price is 28 years of age, stands 5ft. 11in., and weighs 193 lbs. It was his first appearance, we understand, in the pugilistic hemisphere. Ned White stands 5ft. 8in., weighs 165 lbs., and is only 18 years old. He fought two battles last year, one with Bill Sullivan, whom he beat in 2 hours 8 min., 197 rounds, for $15 a side; and also vanquished Jack Mills, in 1 hour 8 min., 8 rounds, for $5 a side. The present match at catch weight was for $10 a side, and after contending in the gamest manner for 1 hour 48 min., in which time 92 rounds were pulled through, Ned White was hailed the winner, and thus scored his third victory. Ned was handled by Johnny Collins and Bill Strong; Price by Charley Hays and Ned Reardon. With the honors, and fresh from the battle-field, we understand Mr. White will soon make his *debut* in this city, seeking other bruisers to conquer. He's just the fellow we've been looking for, and perhaps may answer one of the numerous challenges that have been flying around so defiantly lately. By all means let us hear from this pug. Pick 'em out, Edwin, and let *us* see what you can do.

JIM HUNTER AS MAZEPPA.—It is pretty generally known that Hunter, of Brooklyn, aside from his liquor vaults in Fulton street, has one of the finest country residences on Long Island. It is some eight miles out of town, and Jim generally comes to business in a light wagon. One morning, if so happened, he tried horse back-riding, and somehow or other, he got one of the d——st throws ever any body got in their lives—how it came about we haven't the remotest idea. Jim knew he had to go, and in trying to save himself turned a double somersault right under the horse's hoofs. Then came the tussel, and a most exciting wrestling scene ensued *a la* Lancashire fashion. They rolled over and over, but Jim by great presence of mind, succeeded in getting off with a whole skin. He was pretty badly hurt, as you can imagine—the miracle is that his neck wasn't broke. He is covered with bruises, and for three days went on crutches, but thanks to a good wife and a good constitution, he is fast getting round again. That beats Kate Fisher's Mazeppa all hollow, don't it?

PUGILISTIQUE.—William Michael Davis, of Virginia City, Cal., challenges Tim Daley, Mat Tracy, or "any other man," to fight according to the P.R. code, for from $1,000 to $3,000. Seizes the bait, Tim or Mat, before "any other man" "cuts you out."

P. S.—Since writing the above, later intelligence has come to hand, and we find that "any other man" has turned up in the person of Thomas O. Donnelly. Hara's his card:—

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 20, 1862.

TO WM. M. DAVIS, VIRGINIA CITY.—*Sir:* In answer to your challenge in to-day's *Spirit of the Times*, to fight T. Daley, Mat Tracy or any other man; if the persons mentioned do not accept it, I am ready to accept said challenge and fight you (at 11st) for $500 or more. Man and money ready at James Malloy's, Phœnix Hotel, corner Broadway and Davis streets, San Francisco. The fight to come off in the same ring that Lazarus and Daley fight in. No use answering without money. THOMAS O. DONNELLEY.

The Lazarus and Daley encounter is most likely deferred, so what effect that will have upon the above acceptance remains to be seen.

JACK BOYNE HEARD FROM—HE WOULD LIKE TO FIGHT TOUHEY.—By a letter from Washington we are informed that Jack Boyne is a volunteer, and has been so for the last eighteen months, the company of which he is a member doing garrison duty on the outskirts of that city since last March. Jack has not let the grass grow under his feet in way of exercise and amusement, having the gloves constantly on hand for the accommodation of all comers, with Indian clubs, wooden dumb-bells, parallel bars, trapeze, etc. He also has a bag of saw-dust of his own weight to practice on, and other fixins to keep him in fighting trim. As he has lots of time to spare, with an eye to business, he desires us to express the pleasure it would give him to have a "go" with Ed Touhey, or any other 140 lb. man in the country. It will be remembered that a Jack Boyne and Ed. Touhey sparred together at Ottignon's gymnasium, when Professor Charley and the "solid man," John Morrissey, put on the gloves, and this is the Boyne referred to.

A "SPECIAL" AT IZZY LAZARUS'S.—On Thursday evening, January 29, there's going to be a kind of complimentary to Sir Izzy Falstaff, at 223 Centre street, presided over by Old Bill Pontin. All the songsters are to be in full feather, for none that are "moulting" are allowed to attempt to be musical. Jimmy Fraser, James Conley, Watts the poet, Mr. Solomon, and some half dozen more choice spirits, will lend their valuable assistance. Mr. Robert Smith, of the House of Commons, (profanely called "Bob Smith") will be there sure, and render some sweet melodies with his bugle—that's big. For us to crack up Bob Smith's bugle playing would be as hard as to find out where the echo comes from when Garatagua does it up at Wood's Minstrels. Professor Jones at the piano, and Charley Church, the Chair of the Monday and Saturday free and easies, will both be on hand till the lights are put out. There now, ain't that "summut" worth going to hear? It's nothin' else.

RICHARD MAGIN AND BENJAMIN GRIFFITH MATCHED FOR $100 A SIDE.—We have received the following articles of agreement, accompanied by $100, for a fight between the above named men:—

"St. Clair, Jan. 19, 1863.

FRANK QUEEN—Sir:—We, Richard Magin and Benjamin Griffith, hereby agree to fight a prize fight according to the recognized rules of the ring, for $100 a side, the fight to come off on the 9th of February. With this we each send you $50, the other $50 to be sent in time for your paper before the 9th of February. Any one failing to do so shall forfeit the money down. The money to be sent according to the decision of the referee."

Up to the time of going to press we have heard nothing further as to the State where St. Clair is situated. Will the parties be kind enough to be more explicit in their next letter. The remaining $50 a side, to receive acknowledgement before Feb. 9, must be sent three or four days previously. [ED. CLIP].

ALL ABROAD.—Our blanket sheet contemporary gets off some of the funniest yarns we ever heard of. Not satisfied with making a complete botch of their theatricals, they try to wring in a cold deck on us in ring matters. They started with a bogus prize-fight, giving Elliott's height as considerably over six feet, and Kerrigan's as five feet eight—showing as plain as a pike staff they don't know what they are talking about—and then go on with a rigmarole about Coburn and Clarke's going to wrestle for $100—another instance of their over anxiety to be doing something totally indifferent to facts. If it was a comic paper, the thing would be different, we like *parodies* as good as anybody, but deliver us from evil when these items are represented as news. What's to be their next exaggeration? It's good fun for us.

A QUEER FOOT RACE.—Dennis Mahoney and Tom Cummings ran an eight mile race for $10 a side, on the 18th inst., at Troy, N. Y., from the Five Points to Waterford Bridge and back. It is said Cummings went the distance in 1 hour 15 minutes, and Mahoney in 1 hour 40 minutes. The judges got ten minutes' start to be at the bridge to see that the men came there, but like Lot's wife, they turned back before they got half way. Both claim the money, and Mahoney asserts that Cummings didn't go to the bridge. The judges have decided it a draw, but the stakeholder is in doubts what course he shall pursue. Our opinion is solicited to settle the matter. [The men should run over again, and the judges should be properly stationed at the out-go and the income.—ED. CLIP.]

WHO IS HE?—One of the boys, signing himself a "Southern Democrat," writing from Champlain, Ill., indulges in a little pleasant reminiscence to the following effect:—"FRIEND QUEEN: It was a cold, frosty morning in the month of January, some years ago, when I last beheld that phiz of yours, taking a drive towards Riker's Island, to witness, as we all thought (but which, to our disappointment, did not come off) a merry mill between Frank McIntyre and Jack Leese. It brings back old times when I think of the gay time I had with little Mike Trainor, Charley Holmes, Ned Hogan, and others. I hope I shall soon see the day we shall all have a social lager, or a good Tom and Jerry, once more in the Empire City." Whoever this "Southern Democrat" may be, he don't forget old acquaintances. Who is it, anyway?

DUBLIN MIKE IN NEW YORK.—Michael Regan, of the 58th Pennsylvania Volunteers, while engaged in a recent action, was captured, and afterwards paroled. He is now in town, and expects a commission as an officer in a short time. Mike's a clever, well-disposed young man, and has many friends.

A FRESH CHALLENGE.—Dennis Mahoney, not being satisfied with the last race, will run Tom Cummings an eight-mile race, for $25 a side, to go over the same distance originally agreed upon. Man and money ready at Patrick Broderick's Saloon, Troy, N. Y

JACK BATH TO GO TO CALIFORNIA.—It is Jack's intention to dispose of the Deer's Head, and betake himself to the land of gold, between now and the 21st of next month. Harry Gribben has often written him on the subject, and he's going to try it now in earnest.

ALLAH IL ALLAH!—In that wholesale and arbitrary arrest on the 17th, we forgot to mention that Mr. Robert Smith went bail for Messrs. Clarke and Bath, and that he and Phil Hargrave were the only ones that went to see them. All honor and success to them say we.

WALKER AND ABRAHAM'S JOINT BENEFIT.—In a notice of this affair last week, we were made to say it was coming off at Montgomery Hall. Since then the boys have secured a more desirable place in the Oriental gymnasium, Bayard street, near the Bowery, and it will come off there without fail on the 27th. They deserve a good house.

BARNEY AARON AND DAN KERRIGAN.—A SLASHING EXHIBITION.—We understand that these two first class boxers intend to give a grand exhibition at Mozart Hall, Broadway, in the course of a week or two. Full particulars will be given in our next.

BEAUTY ON SKATES.—Miss Ella K. Hayes, of Great Falls, N. H. on the 21st inst., skated from Cocheco railroad wharf, Alton, to the Weirs, some twenty miles, in less than three hours. She is the first lady who has ever skated the entire length of Lake Winnipiseogee.

A NOTABLE PAIR OF TROTTERS.—The celebrated trotting stallion Ethan Allen and his son Honest Allen, formerly owned by Henry T. Nichols, and afterwards by Richmond Smith, of Concord, are said to have been sold to P. Barker, of New York, for $17,000, for his private team.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

[illegible]EMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for H. Harris, Miss Marion, Sam'l Cole, [illegible]n. Brockway, J. Heneage Carter, A. H. Davenport, Mr. Prid[illegible], California Circus Agent; Yankee Robinson, J. E. Whiting, [illegible]irley H. France, and Miss Kate Scott; also, a paper for Tony [illegible]stor.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, January 26, 1863.

If our paper currency has depreciated, as public opinion asserts, we have no evidence of it so far as our public places of amusement are concerned. You get full as much amusement for your twenty-five and fifty cent postage currency bills now as you formerly got for your two and four shilling silver pieces. Isn't it so? If there is any difference at all, it is in favor of the paper currency, managers competing with each other in the production of the greatest novelties, and on the east side of the town in giving the longest show. Gold is out of date—we almost forgot how the coin looked until the other day we happened in a green grocery, the greenest grocery we ever saw, and while we were present a returned Californian dropped in to take a little peppermint on the sly. [What were *we* doing there? [illegible]] He threw on the counter a gold eagle to pay for the [illegible] killer, and you ought to have seen the green groceryman [illegible] it. Now, we have heard *of* eagles screaming, but the grocer's grip was so firm that we "distinctually" *thought* we *heard* the bird actually holler. The shopman "held his holt," tight as a brick, and cautiously put the piece—not in his till, but in the capacious depths of his trousers pocket. That eagle was salted; in the language of a lamented statesman, it was "the last of earth." As the golden piece was "descending into its future element," as they say of a ship being launched, we plainly heard the bird buzzing—"farewell, vain world, I'm going home." We never expect to see another gold piece. Silver is forgotten. We are no longer bothered with it. Canada is the receptacle of our depreciated silver coin, where it is selling at a discount, and where theatres *oblige* you by receiving it at par. So we go—if paper is not worth its face, then our theatres and halls of minstrelsy must have reduced their terms of admittance.

With the exception of a couple of evenings when the weather was unfavorable, the past week's business was very good, finishing on Saturday evening in a grand "turn-in" everywhere. About the witching hour of seven, we sauntered through the Bowery, and the great thoroughfare was all alive, crowded with pleasure-seekers. They were pouring into the New Bowery as fast as the doorkeepers could take tickets, while hundreds were laying siege to the box office, where the officials in front were working with a will to supply the demand for places. The Old Bowery, too, had its hundreds pouring in. It was with difficulty one could navigate along the Bowery, on the west side, from Bayard to Grand streets. We crossed over to Broadway, and there the crowd was just as great. Steady streams of living men, and women, too, were flowing into "444," into Bryants', into Wood's, into Niblo's, where Miss Bateman shows, into the menagerie, to see the elephant," into Laura Keene's, to see Mrs. John Wood, into the Winter Garden, the great flood sending out its little streams that filled the concert saloons, the side shows, the free-and-easies, and places of minor note, and still rolling on along the gay and brilliant passage of the Broadway, until it emptied into Wallack's, filling the place to an overflow. It was a gala night, indeed; and now that the people are in the humor, we may hope to see the tide roll on.

Comic actresses are scarce. To be successful at the present day, a comic actress must possess beauty of face, a fine form, well developed charms, and other little attractions of that sort; these, in addition to mental qualifications of a high order, ability to turn to account and burlesque the sensations of the day, and "shoot folly as it flies," are seldom combined in one person. One may possess beauty, but lack humor; another possess the true element of comic greatness as an actress, but be deficient in physical charms; and so on. We have one lady, however, who combines all the necessary attributes of a burlesque actress, and that one is Mrs. John Wood. She is almost alone in this range of the drama. She is now performing at Laura Keene's Theatre, but the company there is small, and so far Mrs. Wood has not been able to give us any of those burlesques which have made her so famous. Last week she appeared as the great actress, Anne Bracegirdle. The piece is confined to four performers, the entire weight of it resting on Mrs. Wood. We are promised something fresh for next week, in which Mrs. W. will shine in her proper sphere. On Monday, Feb. 2d, a new fairy burlesque will be produced with new scenery, dresses, etc., and to make assurance doubly sure that the piece may prove a big attraction, Mrs. Wood will be assisted by Mr. Gosham, a giant, who will appear in a speaking character. This giant is one of the biggest men in the world; nearly eight feet in height, and of well-proportioned dimensions in his general filling out. The novelty will take, or we mistake the signs of the times.

Did you ever try to stand on your head, or upon your fore legs? *Anybody* can keep upon his *hind* legs, we know well enough, providing John Barleycorn hasn't got the upper hand of him; but just try your other end up, once, and see what comes of it. Well, difficult as the feat may be to you, how much more difficult should it prove to a huge elephant; and yet Mr. Lent's elephants are to show us how to do these things this week, at the Managerie, on Broadway. Anthony and Cleopatra are to stand on their heads, turn up on their fore feet, stand upon little pedestals about the size of a barrel, play upon musical instruments, etc. The comic mules are to show, too. That's just what Mr. Lent required to make his managerie still more popular than it was.

All those persons that have not seen the bogus ghost in 27th street, are requested to step up to the New Bowery this evening, and every evening during the week, and "see the shadow ere the substance fades." The ghost has been "engaged regardless of expense," and will show all the week. Unlike the 27th street thing, "it" will be a welcome guest, for at the New Bowery the boys can see it. Another novelty of this theatre is the appearance of Mr. Eddy as Myles-na-Coppaleen, in Boucicault's drama of the "Colleen Bawn." Mr. E. commences an engagement this evening 26th inst.

"If you belong to Gideon's Band," don't forget that the first fancy dress and civic hop of the sufferers takes place at the City Assembly Rooms, on the 5th of Feb. It may be proper to remark that the Gideonites are still "seeking for a home."

There's a capital trio of comedians on the programme at Wood's Minstrels this week. These three black jokers are Charley Fox, Eph. Horn, and Nelse Seymour, the latter a fresh acquisition. Attend and witness the painful emotions of the "Scared Contraband;" hear the mournful strains of "Gideon's Band;" pity the sorrows of the "Four Vultures," and go in for "Woman's Rights." Talking about woman's rights, the ladies consider they have an interest in Wood's Minstrels, for they are in the majority in the attendance here, and contribute to make up a splendid audience.

Talking about balls—*did* we say anything about 'em?—makes us recollect that the firemen's great annual ball comes off to-night, January 26th, at the Academy of Music. All sorts of people will assemble there. Some to dance—some to talk—some to show off their new clothes—some to look on. There will be people present from town and country; sharp and witty, green and unsophisticated; there will be rogues and honest men—all mingling in the inevitable "mazy dance," or tripping it on the customary "light fantastic toe." But beware of the widder and the young gal from the country. Did you ever hear how a highfalutin chap once got shocked at a remark made by a country girl at a ball? It's an *old* thing—we knew it so long that we forgot it at one time. There was a gay ball given in a gay city, and among those present were several sweet and innocent-looking country lasses. One of them was a beauty—had an eye rivalling the raven's plumage, swan-like neck, alabaster bosom, and other "novel" fixings—an angel in homespun, whom Venus might envy, and much other stuff like that. She was the "cynosure of all eyes," and "millions paid their homage at her feet"—she wore nines. A "scion of nobility," on whom rested the hopes of a rich but honorable family, approached her on bended knee. He was full of life, and his face was worth a fortune in any cheap dry goods store. With mildness beaming in every feature, he turned a "furtive glance" toward the "cynosure:" she met his deep-rooted gaze with bashful mien, yet smiled to see him thus. That smile was rapture to his throbbing heart; he sought again that glance divine; the tell-tale blush too truly revealed the state of her bursting bosom, now being put to such a severe trial. "Sadly she thought of him, whilst others slept." Emboldened by the apparent success of his primitive advances, he moved to her side, bowed to the imperious beauty, and sought her hand for the coming dance. "Fair being," said he, "emblem of purity, beauty, and innocence, wilt thou deign to favor me with thy hand for the waltz, that fascinating whirl of delirium, in which 'two hearts that beat as one, unite in a dream of bliss, when earth's mocking shadows flee away forever?'" Lost! lost! forever lost? No! That young girl from the country rose, in all the majestic beauty of the Queen of Night, tossed aloft her tresses to the breeze, and in language never to be forgotten, replied: "No, I won't; I don't like to waltz; it makes me puke!" Charity, as the storytellers say, induces us to draw the curtain o'er the scene that followed.

"And dat's what's de matter." You've heard Brother Chapin, or Brother Beecher, or Brother Bellows, or Brother Cheever, expatiate on the cause and effect of certain events now transpiring about us, but over which the public have no control. Well, in the same luminous, yet ponderous style of reasoning, Daniel Bryant at one moment drags you into the depths of perdition, and anon, by the inspiration of his lofty sentiments and logical deductions, raises you to the highest pinnacle of bewitching eloquence, and tells you, plain and above board, what the matter really is. If you have never heard Daniel in his brilliant flights of fancy, look in at Bryants' Minstrel Hall this week, and see and hear this great expounder of the dark institution.

Couldock and Cubas continue to furnish food for the ear and eye at the Winter Garden; *he*, the pathetic; *she*, the passionate. The French Spy of Cubas gives place this week to Naramattah, the Child of the Forest. The Chimney Corner will retain its place for another week. It is a beautiful little piece, and must prove attractive wherever and whenever Mr. Couldock presents it. But when leaving here, and losing the services of Mr. Davidge, as the old man of 91, Mr. G. will lose a strong support.

About as many people as could be packed—that is the word—in a theatre, assembled at the New Bowery on Saturday evening, Jan. 24th, on the occasion of Mr. G. C. Boniface's benefit, and the close of a three year's engagement between Messrs. Boniface and Lingard. There may have been quite one thousand dollars in the house. On a call being made for Mr. B., that gentleman appeared, and made a few remarks touching the amicable relationship existing between himself, the manager, and the patrons of the theatre; returned his thanks to all present; to those who had encouraged him in his early and later efforts to achieve a position on the dramatic platform; hoped soon to appear before them again, etc., etc. Then followed a presentation of a silver tea service to Mr. B., the offering being made on the part of the committee by Mr. J. W. Lingard, the manager, and the responses by the beneficiarie. The event furnishes an interesting chapter for the history of the drama on the eastern side of the town.

A place on Broadway was opened last week under the name of Napoleon's Theatre. It is the old French Theatre, afterwards Canterbury Hall, then a minstrel shop, etc., etc. The present experimentalist is L. Napoleon, magician. He gives a mixed up sort of entertainment, in which comic singers, nigger performers, dancers, and so forth, take part. We looked in one evening of the past week. It was an inclement night, and the audience was slim. The hall is not what it once was, and the fixtures and performances are somewhat dilapidated.

"A bevy of beauty." Where? At American Music Hall, 444 Broadway. And here is where you may see beauty that is unadorned, adorned, and adored the most. Such eyes, such necks, such bosoms, such legs—what? There's nothing we'd fight for sooner than a girl with a pretty leg. "*She's* all my fancy painted her." We like the niggers, too. That is, the delineators of darkey character. J. Wambold, banjo performer and Ethiopian comedian, is shortly to appear here.

Bihin, giant, is doing very well at the old Bowery, this being his fourth week.

At the Museum, Barnum is busily engaged in working up the "matrimonial dodge." This wedding joke is announced for Feb. 10. It was to be perpetrated in Trinity Church, but the pastor refused to allow the building to be used for any such proceedings. P. S.—*After* the marriage of the woman dwarf Warren to Stratton, the Tom Thumb dwarf, *she* "will never be exhibited." So say the bills. Let us stick a pin there.

Nothing new to mention of Wallack's.

Adrien, magician, has taken Palace Garden, for the purpose of exhibiting his "illusions." Among other illusions, he proposes to give a "splendid gold watch" to the best "guesser," or to he or she who comes nearest to one number drawn from a thousand. Ten hundred to one nobody guesses near enough to get the watch.

This is the last week of Buckley's Serenaders at Stuyvesant Institute.

On Monday, Jan. 19th, a new drama named "Leah, the Forsaken," was produced for the first time at Niblo's Garden, with Miss Bateman as the heroine, assisted by Mrs. Chanfrau, Skerrett, and Grattan, and Messrs. Wallack, Adams, G. Andrews, Lanergan, Burnett, and Lamb in the principal parts. On Saturday, for the first time, we dropped in to see the play, and it has been seldom that we have received a greater dramatic treat than on this occasion. We found the place crowded to excess, and that by an audience superior to any we are in the habit of seeing, even at the ever popular Niblo's. Before commenting further on the performances, we will proceed to briefly describe the plot of the piece, which is about as follows:—The first scene of the play opens with a village in Germany. It is Good Friday, and the villagers are celebrating the festival in the church. Presently they all issue forth and proceed on their way homeward, save Father "Lorenz," the village Magistrate; "Father Herman," the Priest; "Madalena," his niece; and one "Casper," the village schoolmaster, whose real name is "Nathan," he being an apostate Jew. These tarry together on the stage to argue on the merits of the Priest's sermon, and in the course of conversation, Madalena relates an incident of recent occurrence in the neighborhood, wherein a young Jewess relieves a needy Christian woman. It should be borne in mind that the period of the drama is in the early part of the last century, when the Jews in Germany were a bitterly persecuted and proscribed race. When Madalena names the Jewess, Nathan, or Casper rather, starts up from his seat and at once inveighs against the whole race, and by way of illustrating the punishment they deserve, describes a scene, of which he was an eye witness, where a young Jew was caught up by his pursuers and thrown into a boiling vat, and only escaped death by turning Christian. His vivid description and earnest manner in doing this, leads the audience into the secret that he, himself, was the hunted Jew in question. It is to hide this fact from the villagers—with whom he has quietly sojourned for fifteen years—that he takes the zealous part in defence of his new faith that he does; the fear of detection, too, if any of the Jews should be allowed to reside in the village, being a powerful incentive to persecute them to the death. On this the whole plot hinges. While they are thus conversing, a noise is heard, and suddenly "Leah," the young Jewess Madalena had referred to, rushes on the stage, seeking protection from the pursuing villagers. Nathan is greatly disturbed at the sight of the Jewess, and urges the mob to destroy her, which they are about to do when the Priest interposes his authority, and drawing forth his cross, causes the crowd to fall on their knees, awe-stricken at the fear of excommunication. Thus closes the first act. The second act introduces Rudolf—Lorenz's son—who has met with the Jewess and becomes enamored of her. In an interview at their trysting place, he resolves to fly with her to America, and leaves her to declare his intentions to his father. The 3d act opens with a room in his father's house, wherein a number of villagers are assembled to learn the cause of the old man's illness. While there, Nathan comes in and relates the interview between Lorenz and his son, the result being that the old man is seized with a fit of appoplexy, and Rudolf with one of repentance. At this stage of affairs, Lorenz and his son enter the room, the villagers having previously left Nathan alone. Lorenz again remonstrates with his son on the impropriety of his alliance with the Jewess, and, listening to the remarks of Nathan as to their money-loving characteristics—it is finally agreed to test Leah's love for Rudolf by the tender of gold to leave him. The individual selected to apply this test, is Nathan, who sees in it an opportunity to rid himself of the dangerous proximity of the Jews, by proving to Rudolf the faithlessness of his betrothed. The next scene displays to view a ruined hut on the vine hills, and here Nathan has an interview with the old Jewish woman and her blind husband, whom Leah supports. He tenders the purse of gold to the old woman, to induce Leah and all her tribe to leave the country at once. The gold is eagerly received by the old woman; but the old man, however, recognizing Nathan by his voice, just as the villagers are approaching to learn the issue of Nathan's undertaking, charges him with his apostacy. Nathan, fearing detection, stabs the old man to the heart, and as he does so, a thunderbolt strikes the hut, and the villagers, as they enter, behold what Nathan describes to them as an act of God's vengeance on the race, thereby hiding his crime and his own identity at the same time. Nathan, taking advantage of the excitement, sends off a messenger to old Lorenz, stating that Leah has accepted the gold and has left. This leads to Rudolf's denunciation of her, and his betrothal to Madalena. In the last scene of this act, Leah arrives at Rudolf's house, to learn the cause of his failure to meet her, and seeing him, she receives his curses, and falls senseless at the door of his cottage as he closes it in her face. The 4th act includes the celebration of the nuptials of Rudolf and Madalena. While these are going on in the church, Leah enters the graveyard adjoining, and listening to the organ, is led to pray; and as the benediction is given, she echoes an Amen. Going towards the chuch, she is horror stricken on looking through the window, to see that Rudolf is the Bridegroom. Shortly after this, Rudolf issues from the church, and seeing Leah, receives her upbraiding and curse. The 5th act opens with a harvest scene, the time being some five years subsequent to the date of the marriage. Rudolf has been on a journey, and is expected home by his wife and child. Before he comes, Leah, as a wanderer, again seeks protection from her persecutors at the hands of Madalena, her appearance in the village arousing the old hate of the villagers. In the meantime Rudolf returns, and while setting down by Madalena's side with his child on his knee, explains to her the object of his journey, which was to get a revocation of the edict against the Jews from the Emperor, which he succeeds in doing. Leah, who was not recognised by Madalena, overhears his discourse, and his reference to her, which shows his old regard for her, awakens a spirit of forgiveness which re-places the hatred of him that had led her to determine on some act of revenge. As they retire into the house, she comes forth from her hiding place, and seeing the child lingering at the door, calls it to her, and learns that its name is Leah. Then ensues one of the most powerful and effecting scenes of the play, which finally closes with the exposure of the apostate Nathan, and Leah's leaving the country. The drama, in plot and language is decidedly superior to anything of the kind that we have had presented on the metropolitan stage for many years past. In the latter part of the 3d act, does it alone border upon the extreme of melo-drama; the other portions being consistent with the usual latitude allowed to the drama. The hearty applause bestowed upon it by a number of German literateurs, with whom the original must be familar, afforded evidence of the skillful manner in which the play has been translated. That the drama affords Miss Bateman an opportunity of displaying her extraordinary dramatic power to greater advantage than any other piece in which she has appeared, none will deny who have seen her in her principal characters. It is not often we are stirred up to display emotions during the performance of a romantic drama, but on this occasion we confess to having experienced certain unwonted sensations that proved the artist's power over her audience. We have not space to comment on the acting throughout, but among the points of excellence in her rendition of the charcter of Leah, we would name her shrinking from the Priest's anointed hand in the first act; her cry of despair as she looks in on the nuptials of Rudolf and Madalena, and especially her truly magnificent declamation in the scene where she pronounces her curse upon him. This brought forth irrepressible and unbounded applause. There has been nothing heard to equal it on the American stage for years. But in the last act her interview with Rudolf's child surpasses in natural action and depth of pathos, anything of the kind we have ever seen. It brought tears to the eyes of the most phlegmatic individual in the house, and one outburst of applause that almost shook the building, followed her truly unequaled acting in this scene. We forbear from further comment, at present, as the impression left is too vivid for us to calmly review the performance. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that she was admirably supported throughout, and the manner in which the play has been placed upon the stage, reflects the highest credit on the managerial liberality of Mr. Wheatley, and the ability of the artists engaged in getting up the scenery, music, and stage appointments of the drama. That it will have a great run we have not the least doubt, and those that wish to enjoy a dramatic treat of the first order, should not fail to see Miss Bateman in "Leah."

Do you want play books, photographs of pretty actresses, handsome actors, or anything in that way? Yes! Well, go to W. C. Wemyss's, 575 Broadway.

Don't forget that Mrs. Wood's benefit comes off on Friday evening, January 30th, at Laura Keene's Theatre. The event itself will draw an immense audience, but a very attractive programme will be given on the occasion, and Mrs. Wood will sing several of her most popular songs.

Talking about Shylock and the Jews, last week, called up a conundrum, which we had better drop in here, before we forget it. Here it is:—"Why are 'green-backs' (currency) like the Jews?" "Don't know." "Give it up?" "Yes, sir." "Because they are the issue of Abraham, and now look for their redeemer."

Although the Old National Theatre is now remembered among the things of the past, we have a New National Theatre and Music Hall combined, and a very fair entertainment is given there. The establishment is in Canal street, one block west of the Bowery. W. H. Hitchcock is the proprietor; and J. H. Taylor, stage manager. It is said that it takes nine tailors to make a man, but at this house one Taylor makes a man, and a manager to boot; he suits the business, and the business suits him. In the company engaged at the New National are—the ladies first, you know—the Misses Josephine Bernard, Idella Bishop, Emma Smith, Lilly Schramm; Messrs. Frank Lum, J. H. Taylor, and Johnny Allen. A sacred concert is given every Sunday evening, and no collection taken up, after the people are in, for the benefit of the "Hoola-hoola Cannibalian Society."

DRAMATIC.

From San Francisco we have dates to the 30th of December. "Bay View" makes a few remarks in answer to something said about him a short time since. We let him have *his* say, as follows:—

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 30th, 1862.

FRIEND QUEEN—In your last paper received here, I notice some strictures by Sherry Corbyn on Bay View's correspondence. He first observes that his communications have always taken the precedence with you; this is not the fact, as your columns will testify. You have always exercised uniform kindness to your various correspondents, exercising no partiality, publishing all communications of interest to the great public you cater for, and sometimes crossing the line of general interest to be free from the imputation of unfairness. In my humble capacity, as chronicler of events, musical and dramatic, I have to thank you for your uniform courtesy and kindness. Your paper, as a dramatic record of passing events, has long been acknowledged in California as superior to all others, and from enquiry at the depots of the various wholesale periodical dealers, I find your circulation exceeds the combined circulation of all the New York Sunday and sporting papers. In regard to W. H. Leighton and the American Theatre, as mentioned in a former communication, Leighton did not hold a lease of the theatre during the short and unprofitable engagement of J. H. Taylor, but hired the house from night to night, the business manager of the theatre being in the box office to collect the rent of the theatre from the receipts. Mr. Adolph Meaubert is lessee of the American, and lets it to such as wish for nights other than Sunday, when it is occupied by his company. As for the members of the country company having no demands against Leighton, I can say if they have none, it is because of their agreeing previous to starting, to share *pro rata*, after dead expenses, as I previously informed you, and in many cases dead expenses were not paid. As to Tom Maguire and his management, Tom has had his streaks of good and ill luck; but his books will show a larger balance in his favor than all the theatrical managers in California combined. Theatrical people are more indebted to Tom Maguire for employment and pay than all the aforementioned managers. Sherry has an intense hatred of Maguire, as everybody knows here, and this feeling perhaps colors his communications, as it does in regard to exhibitions of which he himself is business manager. I should not be surprised to see the "small concert hall," as he described Platt's new theatre (the Eureka) in a former communication, emerging into a magnificent colossal dramatic temple......At the Metropolitan Theatre, "Beauty and the Beast" and the "French Spy" were brought out last week to fair biz., Miss Caroline Chapman in the principal female characters. This lady, ten years ago, was a prime favorite, but I think she has been injudiciously brought from her retirement, as few of her former attractions of person remain, although she retains some of the old fire, which occasionally breaks out and electrifies the audience......With Maguire's Opera House Minstrels, excepting Christmas night, the houses have been bad. "Running the Blockade" and the "Black Brigade" are the latest novelties...... At the Eureka, biz. bad, with the exception of Christmas night, when it was packed. "Dombey & Son" has been brought out quite creditably. Mayo was acceptable as Captain Cuttle, and would have been much better but for his persistent effort to gag the part to death. Mr. Barry, as Toots, was splendid; a better piece of acting has not been seen for years in San Francisco. The "Soldier's Daughter" was brought out Sunday night to a fair house, Mrs. W. H. Leighton as Widow Cheerly."......Handel's famous oratorio of the "Messiah" was imposingly performed at Rev. Dr. Lacy's church, on Christmas night, by the Handel & Haydn Society, assisted by Miss Parker, Mr. John Gregg, Mr. Wunderlich, and others. A perfect success in every particular. ......A New Year's Pantomime is being prepared for Maguire's Opera House, by Mr. John Dowling. Wm. Aymar, the gymnast, is to be the pantaloon, and the full strength of the dramatic company is to be included......Buchanan and his dramatic company were at Marysville last week, performing successfully. They are highly spoken of by the *Appeal*, and deservedly so, for Buck has now the best company that ever traveled through the State.

There was to be a "First Amateur Dramatic Entertainment" at the Young Men's Hall, Detroit, on Tuesday, 20th, for the benefit of the city charities, but as the curtain was about to go up, it was announced that the leading lady was taken suddenly ill, and the entertainment postponed. It must have been with great regret, for the hall was crowded with a very fashionable audience.

J. Wilkes Booth has met with a hearty welcome at the Museum, Boston. He opened in Richard, and on Tuesday, 20th, he essayed the part of Claude in Lady of Lyons; Wednesday, the Apostate. Crowded houses and hearty applause have attended his performances.

Laura Keene's Combination rendered School for Scandal to the largest house of the season on Tuesday, 20th, at the Howard, Boston. If Knowles had been present he would not have been ashamed to have acknowledged his piece. John E. Owens is to succeed the combination.

The New Theatre of Kate English's, in Boston, will, when completed, be a very neat, cozy, and comfortable place. It was the intention to be ready to open on the 26th inst., but it cannot possibly be ready by that time. So says our correspondent "Supercago."

The German Opera at the Academy, Philadelphia, has been one of the best successes, outside of the legitimate, this season. It was a novelty, and took the fashionables by surprise. The lovers of lager followed in their wake, and the consequence was, crowded houses. Carl Anchutz conducted both the opera and himself well, and received so great encouragement as to induce him to give a second season of six nights.

Barney Williams and good lady have been crowding the Walnut, Philadelphia, nightly, and ought to stay there for weeks, which we understand they would gladly do, were it not for previous engagements in Washington, etc. On the occasion of Mrs. Williams' benefit, every seat in the house was taken before the hour for opening the box office in the morning. Cunning folks look out ahead by securing, some days in advance, and on Friday morning, 23d, a crowd assembled around the box office that was perfectly crushing. The announcement that "all seats were taken" was not sufficient to satisfy them, and although the Williamses were to have left on Friday night, the demand caused them to remain over for Saturday, 24th. As the benefit bill was to be repeated, the box sheet rapidly filled, and prospects of another crowd was soon evident. Had seats for Mrs. Williams' benefit been sold at auction, we doubt not a round sum would have been realized. The season has been short, but unparalleled in success, and we hope these popular stars will soon return to receive the welcome of those who have been unable to gain admission.

Col. Busch, the treasurer of John Ellsler's company, has done much in bringing up the Columbus, Ohio, Athenæum to standard rates. He has overseen the whole work of repairs, and expended twenty-five hundred dollars on the house. It looks "as good as new."

The company at the new theatre, the Eureka, in San Francisco, comprises Mrs. W. H. Leighton, Mrs. H. A. Perry, Mrs. Burrell, Mrs. G. E. Locke; Misses Viola, J. Land, Ella, Clarke; Messrs. A. R. Phelps, Frank Mayo, D. C. Anderson, W. Barry, G. E. Locke, H. Clifton, W. Stephenson, C. L. Graves, E. Thorne, and F. Alexander. Proprietor, W. H. Leighton; acting manager, S. Corbyn; stage manager, A. R. Phelps; musical conductor, A. Fischer.

The Lebanon Dramatic Club gave an entertainment on the 20th inst., at Town Hall, Lebanon, New Hampshire, for the benefit of the Soldiers' Aid Society. The bill comprised Vermont Cousin, Dead Shot, and Box and Cox, with recitations, songs, tableaux, etc. Hough's Cornet Band assisted.

Jas. H. Taylor—of whom one of the San Francisco papers says no better actor ever visited California—entered upon an engagement at the Metropolitan, San Francisco, on the 18th ult., appearing as Jack Cade, in Judge Conrad's tragedy of that name.

A "hanger-on" about the green-room, in speaking of an actress's husband, says:—"'Tis dreadful how the new couple love! The two are continually together, seeing each other too much, and apparently settled to have love every day, and money sometimes. The husband of the actress becomes identified in his wife's profession. He becomes more of an actor than the actress with whose existence his own is connected. When she is on the boards, he speaks for her, nods approvingly, gazes admiringly, prompts her, turns pale at a hiss, flushes at applause, and enacts, alone, a real drama of emotion. He talks over the critics, and worries the playwright into giving his wife a good part." Some husbands, he might have added, care more for the money their wives earn, than for the wives themselves, and confine their attentions to the treasurer and his cash account, rather than to the partners of their bosoms.

Manager Tibbetts, manager of the Metropolitan, San Francisco, received a complimentary benefit at his own theatre on the 12th Dec. Among the volunteers were Mrs. W. H. Leighton, Yankee Locke, Mrs. G. E. Locke, and Mr. C. L. Graves. The house was literally packed with the fashion, beauty and chivalry of the city. The playing was capital, the audience delighted, and—Tibbetts was happy! Mr. Beatty, a light tragedian of some pretensions, has been added to the Metropolitan company. By degrees Mr. Tibbetts is gathering together one of the best companies in the country.

Mrs. Laura Honey Stevenson, assisted by Miss Kate McDonald, Mr. Farley, Dr. O'Dea, and several other professional musicians, gave a grand concert and ball at the Music Hall, Toronto, on Thursday, 22d inst. The band of the 30th Regt. on this occasion played, among other pieces of music, one composed by Mrs. S., entitled the "Merrimack Gallop."

Albert Colgrave, scenic artist, late of Detroit, is at present attached to Co. G. 6th Minnesota Volunteers, at last accounts stationed at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. Mr. Colgrave is an artist of merit, and well known throughout the western country.

We are glad to learn that the New Memphis Theatre was doing a splendid business, the house being crowded nightly. There are a large number of soldiers in town, who while away many a night at the theatre. London Assurance had been produced, with a good cast. J. F. Crossen is playing the juveniles. The "Peep o' Day" was underlined.

Mrs. Emma Waller, the great "Iago" and "Lady Macbeth," was to terminate her Indianapolis engagement on the 24th, and open a term of twelve nights at McVicker's Chicago Theatre on the 26th.

Lucille Western gives place at the Washington Theatre to Miss Alice Placide, who commences there on Monday, Jan. 26th, as Cynthia, in the "Gipsy Girl."

Wattie Rusher has returned to Schenectady, N. Y., where, we understand, he is engaged on a drama founded on the French revolution.

The Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., is doing pretty well. We have dates to the 18th inst. The stock were performing in comedy and farce—no stars on hand. The forces number Mrs. Durivage, Mrs. Wildman, Miss Mary McWiliams; Messrs. Holland, Sharpe, Curran, Manley, Smith, Peltz, Tyler, and Wildman.

The capitol of the nation has not wanted for amusements this winter, novelty after novelty being produced, until Washington does not stand far below New York in the number and variety of its attractions. In one respect it has surpassed New York. At the capitol, they have burnt down a theatre, while New York houses have, so far, escaped fire. Notwithstanding the destruction of one house, there's a few more left, and all are profiting by the going down of Ford's establishment. Grover's Theatre, in Pennsylvania avenue, near Willard's Hotel, has been, and still is flourishing; while Mæder's Washington Theatre, corner of Eleventh and C streets, is also doing a fine business. To those who like variety, there's the Washington Varieties, under the management of A. Hamblin & Co., who have an excellent stage director in the person of Mr. James Pilgrim. This house is situated in Ninth street, near Pennsylvania Avenue. Another place of attraction is the New Canterbury, in Louisiana Avenue near Sixth, of which Wm. S. Sinn is the proprietor, and George Percival the business manager. There are other places, but these are the principal resorts for the people at the capitol. Many a Congressman drops in at the Canterbury and Varieties, to see and hear the pretty girls at those houses, and listen to the witticisms of the comedians engaged there. Even grave and reverend citizens can be seen at the two great music halls we have named, and all seem delighted with the sights they see and the words they hear.

And still another dramatization of "Les Miserables" has come to light since our last. This last is the production of Mr. Albert Cassedy, of Washington, D. C., and was presented for the first time at Grover's Theatre, on the 19th inst., continuing through the week. Mr. Cassedy calls his work, "Fantine, or the Fate of a Grizette." The cast embraces the entire company, and as our friends may like to see the distribution of characters, we give it, as follows:—Fantine, Kate Denin; Jean Valjean, Father Madeleine, M. Madeleine, Mayor, Charles Barron; Bishop of Myriel, Ben Rogers; Javert, M. H. Bokee; Tholomyes, D. Setchell; Blackeville (with a song), J. L. Barrett; Scaufflaire, Harry Clifford; Fauchelevent, H. McDonald; Little Gervais (with a song), Sophie Gimber; Prosecuting Attorney, Alonzo Read; Host of the Inn, M. A. Kennedy; Champmathieu, T. M. Wemyss; Brevet, J. V. Daily; Listolier, E. S. Tarr; Favorite (with a song), Viola Crocker; Madame Magloire, Mrs. G. C. Germon; Sister Simplice, Isabella Freeman; Baptistine, Addie Anderson; Marguerite, Fanny Ryan; Dahlia, Ada Monk; Zephine, Flora Lee; Cosette, Little Katy; Madame Victurnien, Minnie Monk; Madame Thenardier, Jennie Monk. Extra pains were taken to give due effect to this great work, and the full resources of the establishment were called in, to place the play in a proper manner before the public. New music was arranged by Koppitz, the "Nightingale;" and fresh scenery and skilful effects introduced. The last scene is said to be a gem; it is an allegorical tableau, representing the finding of Cosette by Jean Valjean, and the Apotheosis of Fantine.

A spicy affair recently took place in the quiet little city of San Jose, in which three or four members of the theatrical profession were mixed up. As our readers like to have all spicy seasoning in our weekly dish of news items, we transfer to our columns an account of this affair, as we find it recorded in the *San Jose Tribune*, forwarded to us by a San Francisco correspondent. After speaking of the entertainment in front, it says:—"And while the audience were entertained by comical performances on the stage, behind the scenes was being enacted a most disgraceful tragic comedy. Hamilton had appropriated Mrs. Thoman, formerly Miss Julia Pelby, Thoman objects, Hamilton knocks him down, and tows Mrs. Thoman to the Mansion House. Thoman rushes frantically to the members of the Melodeon for assistance—falls into the hands of some fellows up for fun—they tell him it is Pete somebody that has run off with his faithless spouse, and furnish him with a pistol loaded with blank cartridges—Thoman hunts Pete up—finds him in the Bella Union saloon—throws himself into a theatrical attitude—"die, villain, die"—fires—Pete is not up to the joke, and is badly scared—funny fellows are there, give Pete the wink—Pete smells a mice—Thoman fires again, Pete falls—the funny fellows catch Thoman and tell him he has "killed his man," and make out that they are going to hang him, but allow him to escape—Thoman runs for dear life, and is found the next morning in his room in the Morgan House, minus a wife. It seems he jumped the high fence of the back yard of the hotel, where he hid for some time in the wood pile, feeling all the horrors of having taken human life. Mrs. Thoman has left her lover and changed hotels. The Thoman family are evidently used to such things. The names of the trio have disappeared from the bills—'played out.'"

Philadelphia amusements continue to flourish in an astonishing manner. Our correspondent "Young Rapid," in a letter dated Jan. 23, says:—"Never within my recollection have I known theatricals to be in such a flourishing condition in this city as at the present writing. At the Walnut, the Williamses have created the greatest excitement during the two weeks of their engagement here, by attracting the largest and most fashionable houses of the season. This evening was announced as the benefit of Mrs. Barney Williams, and positively last appearance of the couple. I happened to be in the neighborhood of the theatre this morning at the hour of opening the box office, and I never saw such a motley crowd collected together as on this occasion. When the office opened for the sale of seats, the rush was tremendous. In less than half an hour the office was closed, and the treasurer, Mr. John Donnelly, announced to a large crowd that every private box, orchestra, parquet, and dress circle seat was sold, and nothing left but second tier seats. Of course this was a sorry disappointment to the gaping crowd, who immediately pocketed the joke and money, and walked away. In consequence of the demand for seats being so great, the management has induced these *artistes* to remain one night longer, and the same bill performed this evening will be repeated. The next "star" will be J. B. Roberts, who opens on Monday, 26th. This has been one of the most prosperous seasons the Walnut has ever known, which is owing to the managerial tact and judgment of the enterprising and hard-working manageress, Mrs. Garrettson. This lady took the reins of management when the theatre was in bad repute, and by hard work, close attention to business, and by constantly producing a succession of first class stars, as well as associating around her gentlemanly and polite officers, she has at last the proud satisfaction of knowing that she is at the head of one of the largest and best conducted theatres in the United States...... At the Arch, the excitement to see those clever artists, Caroline and Peter Richings, has not abated in the least. Night after night the house is crowded with the beauty and fashion of our city, to listen to the warblings of "our Caroline," who is indeed a clever vocalist and a good actress. The "Enchantress" has held the boards all this week, and has proved a success. It will be repeated all next week. The next novelty to be offered by these artists, will be the new opera of "Satanella." I had the pleasure of seeing this opera in Washington a short time since. It may attract here for a few nights, but it will not enjoy a run. It is not of that style calculated to please our theatre goers."

As we announced in our last, Monday evening, January 26th, is the night fixed for opening the New Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and "Virginius" is named for the initial performance, with Mr. Forrest in the leading character. The company engaged comprises the following artists:—Messrs. L. R. Shewell, John McCullough, J. Martin, W. H. Leak, Wm. Wheatley, J. W. Collier, J. G. Burnett, C. Kingsland, W. Taylor, G. Becks, J. Canoll, Germon, Ward, Post, and Carland; Mrs. Ponisi, Mrs. J. H. Allen, Miss Mary Wells, and Miss J. Henry. J. B. Wright is stage manager. Our correspondents state that the bill writer, or business agent, must be a joker, for the preliminary programmes announced that the new theatre "will open for the first time," which they think is intended as the first joke of the season. The choice of seats was offered at auction, by Thomas & Sons, on the 21st inst., but the sale does not appear to have realised any "great expectations." We feared as much, for such a course of disposing of seats shuts out the people, and gives precedence to men of means and speculators, and Philadelphia is one of the last places to encourage this sort of thing. We should have preferred to see the new house *thrown open to the public*, first come first served; with no reserved seats, and no speculators hanging around to fleece those who patronize the drama. As a matter of record, we give an account of the auction sale of seats, as furnished us by our correspondent, "Young Rapid." He says:—"The sale took place on Wednesday morning, Jan. 21st, at the rooms of M. Thomas & Sons. I attended the sale, and found rather a mixed crowd there, the greater portion of whom were drawn there more through curiosity than a desire to bid. There were some Yankees present, doubtless, judging from the amount of guessing that was indulged in as regards the amount that would be offered for the choice seat; some people going as high as $25, while the more sensible ones guessed that $5 would be about right. Diagrams of the seats were distributed, showing that there were to be sold, 372 seats in the dress circle, 596 in the parquet, and 800 in the family circle, making a total of 1768. The auctioneer then announced that the seats in the parquet had been fixed at 75 cents each; in the dress circle at 50 cents each; family circle, 25 cents each; and that bids offered would be the premium on the seats. The first bid was 25 cents; after a short delay, 50 cents was bid; and after some time, it was knocked down to T. H. Bazin, of Boston, at $2.50 for the choice seat, which was No. 334 in the dress circle, fronting the stage. The next choice of

For Continuation of Theatrical Record, See Page 334.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the CLIPPER would be, for the time being, sold at Six Cents per copy, instead of four, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would *remain the same*. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:—

Single copy of the Clipper.6cts	Subscription for 6 months..$1 50
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To be Adapted Expressly for the Readers of the NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In the absence of any greater inducements to bring out the talents of story writers, we hereby offer the sum of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the three best stories which may be handed in to us by the 15th of March, 1863. Two hundred and fifty dollars will be given for the best story, one hundred and fifty dollars for the next in order of merit, and one hundred dollars for the third best. They must be written expressly for our columns, and to suit the tastes of the readers of the CLIPPER. We don't want any war stories. The stories must "open rich" at once, with the interest commencing at the start, and continuing to the end. The plot must be well laid, altogether original, with plenty of exciting and thrilling incidents—in a word, they must be fast stories, for a fast people. Each story must run thirteen weeks, to occupy the first page of the CLIPPER each week. We don't want any of those stereotyped, namby pamby stories which are manufactured now-a-days by steam, and sold by the cord, or ton. We want something fresh and exciting. The cash will be paid to the successful competitors as soon as the decision is rendered, which will be in time to commence the first prize story in the first number of the Eleventh Volume of the CLIPPER, commencing April 18, 1863.

The award will be made fair and square, without the least partiality or favoritism, and in accordance with the principles which guided us in awarding our first series of prizes in the year 1859, two of which were taken by parties of whom we had never even heard before, and whose names we did not see until a decision had been made. The editor of the CLIPPER will himself decide the question of superiority, and hand the money over to the successful authors. Stories not successful in taking a prize, will be at once returned to their owners, or purchased at a fair valuation, as may be mutually agreed upon. This is a BONA FIDE offer, and the money will be given if but three competitors enter. If but one should enter, that one will get the first prize, be his story good or bad. All communications must be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER,
29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5, 1863.

THE FANCY IN CALIFORNIA.—CON. MOONEY SHOOTS A MAN.—In a previous issue we referred to a difficulty between the authorities of San Francisco and the gamblers. We forgot to mention that a shooting affair had taken place at the "El Dorado," Con. Mooney being the party discharging a pistol, which took effect on a man named McNabb. Mooney is well known in the Eastern States. It seems that Con. Mooney and Thomas McNabb got entangled in a bit of discussion, during which Mooney pulled off his coat, and desired to fight. McNabb said that he would not fight a "dog fight." During the quarrel, W. B. Fairman stepped between the disputants, and putting his hand behind him, handed a pistol to Mooney. The parties were then separated, but seemed to be fascinated to the spot, for no sooner would the officers leave them than they would return to the saloon. Finally, officer Bohen accompanied Mooney home, while officer John Conway took McNabb, and stood talking with him in front of the City Hall, when Mooney passed up Kearney street and entered the saloon again. A few moments afterwards the shooting between Dobson and Buckley commenced, when the officers rushed into the house, followed by McNabb. As he entered, Mooney placed the pistol to his head and fired, when the wounded man sank to the floor, exclaiming—"Don't shoot any more; I'm done for!" The combatants were immediately arrested and conveyed to the calaboose, while the wounded man was taken to Dr. Rowell's office, where his wounds were dressed, and he was afterwards taken to his room. The ball entered just in front of the ear, ranging upwards and backwards. The case was before His Honor, Judge Cowles, and after a number of witnesses had been heard, Mooney gave bail in $5000 for his appearance to answer. W. B. Fairman, who was examined as accessory before the fact, was discharged from custody.

The war against the gamblers in San Francisco was still going on. Another descent was made on the Branch on the 11th of December. Some thirteen policemen entered the establishment by the seven different entrances, front, sides, and rear, but no arrests were made, as the whisker dodge was again resorted to, and if any of the dealers, who were well known, had been present, they skedaddled through some of the various rat holes above and below, and remained quiet until the police had gone. There was a large number of spectators present, but in absence of any defendants, it was not deemed worth while to subpœna them as witnesses. A second descent, made at a later hour, produced no better results. It is reported that two of the gamblers previously arrested and liberated on bail, managed to get off on the steamer. Among those arrested at the different houses were John Lazarus, George Hurst, Thomas Coleman, Eugene Cissa, Louis Richards, George Stiles, John Keefe, E. A. Kelly, Wm. Henry, Wm. Sargeant. They were held to answer at the Court of Sessions.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RELIC OF YANKEE SULLIVAN.—If there lives one chap more anxious than another to collect articles of *vertu* (don't make it "virtue," Mr. Printer,) and curiosities of every description, that chap is Billy Clarke. The latest addition to his museum, though, and, in the eyes of many, the most valuable, are the identical colors that Yankee Sullivan wore round his loins when he fought Tom Hyer, the Chief. Perhaps you think this a gag! It's nothing of the sort; and when we give particulars, few will remain the least skeptical. You shall have them. On the 7th inst. a surprise party, composed of Colonel Billy Mulligan, Brigadier General Andy Sheehan, Color Sergeant Tom O'Donnell, and others of the rank and file, made a dashing onslaught at Houston Four Corners, and captured the landlord of the Gem before any of his army *corps* could come to the rescue. Being a prisoner of war, Billy thought it best not to kick up a jolly row about it, but proceeded, he knew not whither, until ordered to halt "right forninst" the Anson House. Here, guarded on his right by Andy, and on his left by Billy, with Tom leading, Clarke was marched into the main room of the Anson, and there and then presented with the aforesaid colors by Tom O'Donnell in a neat speech, replied to in an enthusiastic manner by Sir William. We called in the same night, and found the "bluebird's eye" encircled round Yankee Sullivan's photograph, while Billy was celebrating every round with the toast of "God prosper the Irish," which were the first and last words he uttered during our stay.

A fine full-length photograph of Johnny Morris, the Boston Pet, taken by Mrs. Moore, has been added to the Gem's Portrait Gallery, and may be now seen at the bar. Johnny's a chunky-built little rooster, remarkably civil and quiet, and as popular here as he is in Boston, which is saying considerable.

Still another addition is the large and life-like representation of Sullivan and Hyer's fight, executed in composition, and presented to Clarke by Mr. Al. Conrey, of the "Express," in commemoration of the battle of New Orleans on the 8th. In this very fine model the resemblance of the men is most truthful, particularly "Old Sooltvan," as the M. P., Con. Foley, would pronounce it. Tom has Yankee's nob in chancery, and is performing "Irish Molly O" on it, while Sully appears to be trying mighty hard to "get out o' that." It's a good thing, all through.

BASE BALL.—The members of the Eagle Club, of San Francisco, Cal., enjoyed themselves hugely on Nov. 27th, 1862, by playing a match between two picked nines. Fisher's side beat Wade's side by a score of 26 to 18. Tommy Peel, the champion jig dancer, we presume, made the next to the best play, scoring four runs to two outs.

SHOTS FROM UNION GUNS.

ANOTHER TALK WITH THE BOYS AT HOME.

CAMP PITCHER—"RUMORS OF WAR"—"HIGH PRIVATES" REVIEW THEIR OFFICERS—THE TABLES TURNED—BURNSIDE BEFORE THE RANK AND FILE—PIES IN FULTON MARKET—PUNISHMENT OF A SOLDIER—"POOR OLD SOLDIER"—A SOLDIER'S CHARITY—OLD ABE IN HIS PLAIDS—A HINT FOR THE PRESIDENT AND THE RADICALS, ETC.

1st N. Y. (INFANTRY) VOLS., Camp Pitcher,
Before Fredericksburg, Va., Jan. 16th, 1862.

DEAR CLIPPER—As you see, friend Queen, I give you in my date-head, the appellation of our camp. You are, I warrant, inquisitive as to the intent thereof. And just there you have me "foul," as I have never got clear on the subject myself. But General Birney, who knows, had it in his order, "in honor of a brave soldier who died at Belle Plain, with his breast to the enemy"—or something in that style. As Belle Plain is that part of the field of Fredericksburgh where the "Red Patch" had the honor of exchanging courtesies with the enemy, it is safe to infer that it was not Molly that Camp Pitcher was named in honor of—a point which otherwise the gender of the pronoun would not settle, as Molly was a "brick." Now, as the world goes, it is astonishing that "Pitcher" should be the name of any camp in which this command should be established. Not at all, however, because genuine spirit is not highly esteemed—on the contrary, just because it is—as the record of the rum mills at Alexandria, wherein the names of dozens of officers, who did not figure in the despatches from Bull Run, may appear, doth fully testify. However, there is a distant relationship between Jug and Pitcher, and when there is an immediate requisition for one, either will answer, you know. So it falls out that Pitcher is after all an appropriate title for our camp, in at least two senses.

ON THE QUI VIVE.

Everybody has his ears pricked, and is on the tiptoe of expectation. Some movement is on the tapis—the bustle of preparation is heard in every department. As my French acquaintance, Antoine, exclaimed, when a piece of T rail from the Manassas Junction Railroad, ejected from a secession cannon, screeched through the air over his head, everybody is exclaiming—"Vas ye fiery h—ll ish't!" But nobody will be answered, until, perhaps, the uproar of another battle reaches faintly the ears of the distant public. God send if that is what we are about, better success will attend the enterprise, than crowned our last efforts.

MORE OF THE SAME SORT.

The unique sport which I described last under the head of "Division Review," was expanded last Monday week with a *Review Corps de Armee*, at which the whole command of General Stoneman—horse, foot and artillery—were paraded. There is a serious misapprehension obtaining in the minds of some well meaning people in regard to these reviews,—viz: that they are reviews of the soldiery by the officers. It is just *vice versa*—reviews and inspections of officers by privates, as any one knows who ever participated in one of them—and the parties to be reviewed are expected to show their best points, and display themselves to the greatest advantage. The honorable "high private" for whose benefit the *fete* is got up, in a style peculiar to himself, passes his opinion upon what he sees, and Generals, Aids, and Orderlies all come in for their just dues.

"Hi—there's the greaser again," mutters a fellow who was with Walker in Nicaragua, as an aid on an iron-grey dashes from the brigade staff, darting over the field, leaping ditches and hedges, and galloping awsy, as if a herd of buffaloes on a stampede were in his rear. "I like um,—he's my style."

"Here's the Hypercoon himself," puts in another, as a small general curvets from the throng in front, in all the pomp of an extravagant saddle-cloth. "My eyes,—a pocket edition of Fremont. Well there's nothing like crowding it when yer can, you know."

As the collosal figure of General Ward, commanding Birney's (late) brigade, was exposed in the movements of the crowd of officers, a buzz of approbation arose, for the General, like all bluff, right and left, up and down men, is well established in the affection of the troops,—who are quick in discerning the genuine, and just as quick in discerning the base,—and, I may add, very—very—slow in forgetting either. It was the dash, the brusque, the vigor in Kearney, which his men admired so much, which endeared him to them quite as fully as his unequalled bravery and splendid generalship, as may easily be seen from the remarks they make at reviews,—"He rides something *a la Kearney*," or "That's spoken like Kearney," when an order is given with unusual smartness, "that" or "this is Kearney for you," whenever anything manly or soldierly is seen in an officer.

But to return,—the review was received by General Burnside, upon whom all eyes were turned, excepting that of the "guides," *en passant*. It was the first good view that many of us had of the successor of McClellan, and you may be sure that the affair of Fredericksburg did not diminish the curiosity with which his uncovered cranium was scanned and measured, and his features scrutinized by the thousands of freemen who then and there were assembled in judgment upon his *tout ensemble*.

But the soldiers of this army have become familiarized to great personages—like the children with the soap bubbles which rise, gleam, burst, and vanish, as if by magic, in their mother's wash tubs—and "sensations" of this sort are pretty much played out. Little remark in the way of criticism occurred among the men, and the pageant passed and faded, and dulness, rather than spirit, prevailed after it in the camps. One piquant notion, possessed by a perplexed-looking soldier of our regiment, however, was very striking. I saw him after ranks were broken, scratch his head in a ruminative manner, until the lost fact for which he seemed hunting occurred to him, when he straightened himself up, exclaiming with an emphatic—"Demme me! I've got him now."

"Got who?" somebody interrogated.

"Demme me! I've sold pies to that fellow every day of the week, in Fulton Market. He munched 'em down rapid—by the 'alf dozen—and then rinsed them down with a stroke of brandy. By Jove! that's him."

"Who?"

"Why, the customer that reviewed us; who else? I wonder what biz. he had there?"

"Biz! why, Gen. Burnside was originally a tailor."

"Oh! I sees; and that's why he is appointed to command us. Good! Well, no wonder that, after Mr. Pope's bag in which he had old Stonewall, bursted, they'd try somebody who understood sewing 'em up tight as a regular trade; correct principle. We may now look, as the *Herald* says, for Richmond to be taken, and the rebellion to be crushed out perfectly, before the first showers of April. But that's *him*."

BARBAR-OUS FUN.

The peculiar taste of military people for sport of a very steep order, was illustrated the other day on a neighboring parade ground. A brigade was drawn up in line, and after a verbal ceremonial, of which the Assistant Adjutant General acquitted himself very handsomely, standing in front of the troops at such a distance from the centre that his voice faintly reached it, and never was heard at all on the flanks, the festivity commenced. It consisted in leading forth a victim of martial-law, whose heart had probably been brave enough, but his underpinning proved recreant when the enemy was in front, and turning him over to a pair of sorry wags, who went to work at his poll, divesting it of every "particular hair." When that portion of his corporeal organization was as nude as at the hour of his birth, the inveterate jokers who had him in hand finished up by cutting the buttons off his coat, and thus, a hapless chicken bereft of his feathers, he was trotted out on the left of his regiment, and paraded the entire length of the line, between two files, the front with bayonets fixed, and "arms reversed," and the rear at "charge bayonets," an arrangement which caused him to "approach the point" uncomfortably whenever he would lag or hasten his step. To give the sport more exquisite unction, the drum corps of the whole brigade followed in the wake of the party, playing a diabolical air, known as "Poor Old Soldier," the words of which are—

"Poor old soldier—poor old soldier. Tarred and feathered and gone to h—ll! Poor old soldier."

Do you imagine that any one laughed at this spectacle? Believe me, not a smile anywhere that the unfortunate wretch moved, betrayed the least merriment, and when he was opposite his own company, to which he turned with one quick, agonizing glance, averted faces and downcast brows spoke to him of their shame and pity. It is a glorious characteristic of the noble fellows who bear arms in this division, that where their fraternal sympathy is once bestowed, it is never withdrawn—in want, in peril, in sickness, in ignominy, or in death, it will still follow you, and when your name is the blackest, it will labor in some way or other to find an excuse to relieve you of some shade of disrepute. Never a word of ribaldry or disdain followed the "coward" in his miserable journey to the right flank, and when the sentence of the court was executed, the subject was dropped—covered by the broad mantle of a soldier's charity. The only distant reference made to it since, in my hearing, was in a dispute between two graceless "dead beats" on the practicability of desertion.

"I'll tell yer what would do it sure, unquestioned," said one to the other, "an operation like that the other day on your brain pan; if you'd show your head with nary hair on it, you'd not have to 'avoid obstacles' much."

"That's true for you," was the reply, as the speaker shut one eye upon the idea, "och, an' it's you that's lovely."

SCOTCH CLOAKS AND PLAID CAPS.

It is not for me to draw the curtain which conceals from the eye of the public at home, the sentiments of the army. Whatever other editors may think, I know very well that the man who "stands at the wheel" of the CLIPPER has not forgot that his fellow men in arms in behalf of the Union, are reflecting creatures, not automatons, not brainless machinery. And he need not be told that they feel a vital interest in every measure of the government, for they know full well that more than "high walled battlement" or bristling host, the conduct of the government, its policy, must eventuate successfully or disastrously for our cause. Why should they divest themselves of such concern? Are they mercenary soldiers, whose ends and aims are compassed in the unchristian trade of war, or are they free-born men, citizens and sovereigns in the land for whose unity they battle. When you answer that, you will understand with what anxiety we—the rank and file—view every act of Congress, every deed and every word of the executive, calculated to affect the one great object—the restoration of fraternity and peace. And here, let me record for his benefit a fancy that has occurred to me more than once. Abraham Lincoln, who has shown us "once upon a time" that he is not above a disguise, could profitably employ one now. Let him don a pair of shoddies and encase his upper works in a plain high private's coat, and pay us a visit "incog." My word for it, he could pass an evening of unprecedented jollity in the camps, and if he would not collect a fund of information, which, digested into practice would prove of untold value in the administration of national affairs—he cannot be the man he has the credit of being. It might be a little odd, to be sure, to hear himself styled "You ham," and some other expressions of the boys would appear very singular, indeed, but he would soon see that after all there is as much genuine respect even covered thus uncouthly, as in the high-flown and ceremonious language of his own high circle in Washington. He might stand aghast, too, when encountered by the ghost of a dinner which we have in the army, but the two inches and a half of pork, and the speck of bean soup, and the four quadlaterals which would be served out, would prompt him to the contemplation of contractorial rascality But waving all that—for what a base caitiff he must be, who lets the cravings of a stinted appetite drown the piteous call of humanity, the last political hope of which is sinking in this bloody vortex—he would learn from the expressions at bivouac re-unions in every direction, the desire and the prayer of the army, and if he would learn it practically, the tide of calamity and reverse would be stemmed. It is this morbid atmosphere of the White House and the Departments, that causes official debility everywhere. In it an object seems to appear inverted, and a mind of more than ordinary purpose might soon learn to distrust itself. Let Mr. Lincoln live more among the soldiers who are fighting at his call, and the people who are buoying him up with the "last dollar and the last man," and less with those who are "on the make" in this business, and all will yet be well. Aye, let him listen to the heart-beat of the republic at country fireside and at camp-fire, and let its throb inspire him.

Yours, SPHERICAL CASE.

ANOTHER BLAST FROM PIPES.

FIGHTING JOE'S DIVISION—THE LADIES AMONG THE SOLDIERS—QUAKER CITY BEAUTIES—TENT ON FIRE, BUT NOBODY HURT—THE MEN WHO SELL THINGS—A TERRIBLE CASE OF DEMORALIZATION—THE DUTCH ASTOUNDED, ETC., ETC.

HOOKER'S CENTRE GRAND DIVISION, Jan. 16, 1863.

MY DEAR CLIPPER, ETC.—We would seriously advise you under no circumstances to look for anything in this letter that will be either strange or startling, interesting, entertaining, or amusing; and after requesting you to remember the injunction of a venerated colored clergyman, who once remarked:—"Blessed am dey, dat spect noting, for dey wont get disapinted," we will proceed to biz.

In the first place, the number of the fair and lovely of your northern communities—God bless 'em—that have been, are now, and are to come among us, are truly delightful to contemplate. They are a decided novelty, excelling any attraction ever brought out by any of our noted showmen; though if it pays as well, is a matter of doubt.

Such as are so coming, are the wives or mothers, sisters or sweethearts, cousins or nieces, of the brave lads who are now here and arrayed in UNCLE SAMUEL'S uniform. Their bright eyes, neat, comely forms, draped extensively with crinoline; their winning ways, and pleasant and agreeable conversation (not what we are used to), serves to turn the now present wilderness of our existence into a *large sized* respectable paradise, reminding us of days now passed and gone, when throughout the broad lands which go to make up this great nation, peace, happiness and plenty reigned supreme; and bringing vividly to our recollection the many happy evenings spent amid the social family circle. There is scarcely a General among us but whose "better half" has paid him a visit, and the number of ladies who have been down to see, and are now here visiting the rank and file, are too numerous to even guess at.

During the past week, six of the fairest of the staid, sober, "Quaker City's" female population, have been guests at the Headquarters of Gen. D. B. Birney, 1st division, 3d Corps De Armee, and the manner in which they enjoyed themselves is truly delightful to contemplate. The General himself is not only an ardent admirer of the feminine portion of our race, but is, withal, polite, courteous, attentive and generous; and as for skill and bravery upon the battle field, he has but few, if any equals. To briefly and explicitly convey a correct idea of those who comprise his command, we have only to say that each and every one of them are entitled to wear Kearney's "Red Patches," they comprising the Division that was once commanded by that dashing General.

His Staff, too, among whom are Major Brevoort, Capt. F. E. Bliss, Lieuts. Briscoe and Gavagen, of your city, Lum and Moore, Deihl and Fassett, of Philadelphia, and Graves, of Boston, are all young, brave, and gallant; and upon this occasion were unusually attentive to their lady visitors. Each night they were there, a band of music was in attendance, and occasionally a dance was improvised. Whole hosts of Generals, bringing with them their handsome staff officers (Gen. Hooker's in that respect—the handsome part—excelling all) were continually dancing attendance upon them, and a gay and happy time was experienced by all. The ladies returned home to-day, and will doubtless remember with pleasure, their short experience of life upon the tented field. These visits are indeed refreshing in the extreme, and we trust that more of them may be vouchsafed us when another like opportunity is offered.

During the stay of these ladies, an accident happened, in which no danger to life was experienced, but where much private property was endangered. The accident was none other than during the evening of yesterday, a large hospital tent, which had been purposely put up for the accommodation of these same ladies as their sleeping apartment, caught fire from a spark which came from a stove in the same tent; a strong wind blowing at the time speedily fanned it into a flame. It was soon discovered, however, and the application of a few buckets of water at once put an end to the conflagration. Fortunately, none of the ladies were present in Camp at the time.

THE SUTLERS.

Although they put the tariff on at an enormous rate, yet they are a "necessary evil," and must be endured. At present, there is considerable cursing apparent, for the reason that one Senator Wilson has introduced a bill into the respectable body of which he is a member, which, if passed, will virtually abolish the sutler business, and make it bad for the boys; as, in strict accordance with the terms of the bill, no canned fruits, no vegetables, and no red eye (on the sly) can be brought among them. Senator W. ought to be satisfied with his efforts to promote the comfort of the colored gentlemen, without trying to bring discomfort to the brave lads who are here, and enlisted in the cause of the Union.

NEW DEFINITION OF DEMORALIZATION.

There is a good story told here, whether true or not we do not feel disposed to decide. But, true or not, it is amusing. It is related that during the fight at Fredericksburgh, guards were placed at the different pontoon bridges, with order to permit no one to pass to this side, not even a General, nor under any pretext. At the bridge, near to the Lacey House, were a detachment of the Seventh "Nye Yourk," all Germans, and as brave a set of soldiers as we have in the army. During the afternoon, one of Baxter's Zoo Zoos was seen coming down the hill full tilt, no coat and no accoutrements, and hair streaming out with the wind. Dutchman tried to stop him, but he rushed by, crying, "Don't stop me, don't stop me; I'm demoralized like h—l!"

Such an utter state of demoralization was beyond the comprehension of the "Sharman," so he lets him goes. No more now.

PIPES.

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"

A TRIP FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OUR CABIN BOY.

WHAT THE PASSAGE COST—FIVE DIFFERENT PRICES—SAILING VESSELS VS. CHEAP BOARDING HOUSES—A THORN BETWEEN TWO ROSES—SECOND CABIN NOT PRETTY GOOD—WHAT THE FOLKS CAME TO NEW YORK FOR—THEIR DISAPPOINTMENT—COMING TO A DEAD STAND—BREAKAGE—THE BRYANTS—PROPOSITION FOR A MONUMENT TO DAN.

Through the straightforward and honorable conduct of the purser, we were all eventually put where we respectively belonged. Here I may as well bring in the range of prices paid to make a trans-atlantic voyage in the Great Eastern. You'd hardly think it possible for there to be five different fares in one steamer, but so it is, and by this means one could see the same amount of aristocracy and poverty, comparatively speaking, as in the city of London itself. In the first place, the heavy swells invested $140 for their tickets, entitling them to a state-room each, the best furnished and located, and one or two other little et ceteras. The $40 less, or $100 passengers were allowed precisely the same privileges, except single state-rooms; they sat at the same table, and had free access to all the balls, lectures, mock trials, and so forth; with all this, however, the "extra forty dollar roosters" affected considerable airs, and wanted a distinction without a difference.

Taking another step down the ladder, come the second cabin folks, or $70 customers, about whom I shall have more to say, probably, than the others, because they represent the great middle class, or true Democracy. I was one of these fellows. Being as I have told you how much it cost me to come from Liverpool to New York, I might as well out with the other story, and tell the amount of spondulics I had to pay for getting to London in a clipper ship. Two dollars and a half nobody can guess. Just fifteen dollars! Only think of feeding a man for five weeks, board and lodging included, carrying him near 4,000 miles, for fifteen dollars! That beats your twenty shilling boarding houses all to smash.

I was never a permanent boarder in a "two-fifty" ho-tle, but have been inside these palatial residences for decayed hatters and typos "who have seen better days," as they will invariably tell you. In the course of my observations, I generally found the atmosphere dubious, the windows with considerable more ventilation than even *Hall's Journal of Health* would approve of, the walls illustrated in colors by the late Professor Bed-Bug, and an air of misery about everything in the house. My trip to London was much the same as putting up at a cheap boarding-house in New York, only "a little more so." They *do* get dried apples occasionally, powerful butter, hash, and fried liver, which we didn't even see all the way over. Then, as to our "bridal chambers"—how should you (presuming you have just got married) like to have three or four fellers in the same bed-room? Eh, how should you like *that?* That's precisely the way things were managed on the outward bound trip. I slept within whispering distance of a vivacious little French girl, whose berth was right under mine, and near enough to another married lady to imprint the kiss of Secundus on her pouting lips. We did change squeezes of the hand, and often kept the grip after or both of us went to sleep, but "not a sound was heard of funeral note." I don't know but that I may get into a scr about telling you this, captain, but keep mum, not a wor anybody else you know. It looks so ridiculous in print. beauty of it is, no names are mentioned, so if la *belle Franc* should come across this, she wouldn't be apt to know it refer to her at all. It is not "Geneve" I'm afraid of. This was be than the cheap boarding houses, and the only good thing to member the trip by. Some of you, may be, don't believe t put the sexes in the same room together—it is so though. in thunder do they manage?" unsophisticated school girls but the "thunder") may very innocently inquire. Well, the we managed, was to let the girls go first and not open the till they were all in bed, which was done by a signal in the of a scream from each one alternately—that's the way we did Beg pardon for this digression.

I was speaking about the second cabin arrangement. Betw you and me, it's a big swindle, and in a manner of speak there's the same distinction between first and second cabin board the Great Eastern, as between first cabin and steerage most other steamers. In the first, the floors are handsomely peted, you have cushioned chairs, and everything is done style, much the same way as the Fifth-Avenue Hotel Dining loon is conducted. In the second, there's neither carpet chairs; in place of chairs, stationary benches are fixed aro the tables, and if a young lady happened to be late at breakf she had to "straddle" right over the back of the seats—a very lady-like manœuvre, was it? Hundreds of other little fa will be alluded to as I come to them in my narrative, or sh shall never get at the main point we are trying to elucidate.

Still two lower grades are marked out after the second cab the intermediate and steerage, respectively $50 and $30, but w accommodations they get is more than I can tell. They were ther a mixed-up crowd.

One would naturally wonder what inducement there was fourteen hundred people to come to New York in such troubl times as the country is undergoing. It is kinder curious. Th was one thing about it to coax people to take the trip—a m could go and come from place to place for a fare and a h Some hundreds, I believe, came over for this reason, and m few expected to be able to see all the fighting when they go New York! It is the general impression throughout Engla that the battles are fought somewhere near New York; d don't seem to have any idea of the geography of the Un States, or its vast extent. Of course, educated and well-infor persons know better, but the more ignorant believe exactly say. All those, therefore, who thought that by going up on roof of any house in New York they could see the Feds and C murdering each other—all those chaps by this time are pr well convinced to the contrary, and have no doubt gone ou the blasted country in disgust. A great number had been to International Exhibition, and were coming home in this ve so as to say they crossed the Atlantic in the Great Eastern should have started a month or so sooner, only for this reason. We were all trying an experiment, regardless of co quences.

When all hearts were getting buoyant, and everything loo bright for a speedy and prosperous voyage, an acci happened to the screw engines, and we came to a dead Then you ought to have seen the long faces and heard the m murings and prognostications of bad luck! You know how my face is—well, sir, for about two hours it was as long as arm! The whole time we were resting, fifty different stories around, no two alike, as to the probable trouble, whether should have to put back; or, if it was possible to cross at all never passed a longer two hours in my life. If the officers ha acted so mysteriously, we shouldn't have cared a cent. T knew the extent of the danger—how long it would take to re the break—and might just as well have told us as not; wher by their silence, one couldn't help anticipating trouble. In course of time the engine was fixed, and once more we were to the great delight of all on board. The sudden change of tures, from grave to gay, reminded me of the many times been to Bryants' Minstrels when troubled with the blues, the different expression of my mug five minutes after the s commenced, to what it was five minutes before I entered. Dan Bryant ought to have a monument, sure; for the fact is does more to make the doctors' and undertakers' profess dull than any man in the State. I don't suppose these classes would put in to give Dan a statue; but they are the ones that wouldn't. Who seconds the "motion for the "Exp of Old Virginny" in marble, up at the Central Park?

TO BE CONTINUED.

BILLIARDS.

THE STAR CLUB AVERAGES.—The following are the averages the members of the Star club of Brooklyn, who have taken in first nine matches during 1862:—

	Matches	Outs	Average and over	Runs	Average and over	Highest Score	Clean Score	Matches in which no runs made.	Most Outs	Least Outs	Home Runs
Chilton, B...	11	38	3-5	24	2-2	6	0	2	5	2	2
Chilton, G...	1	3	3-0	1	1-0	1	0	0	3	3	0
Chappell	8	16	2-0	25	3-1	5	1	1	3	0	4
Doty....	1	4	4-0	0	0-0	0	0	1	4	4	0
Forker	1	4	4-0	1	1-0	1	0	0	4	4	0
Field.....	1	2	2-0	0	0-0	0	0	1	2	2	0
Galpin	10	22	2-2	28	2-8	5	2	1	5	0	3
Henry.....	10	31	3-1	28	2-8	6	0	1	5	2	1
Jerome.....	9	22	2-4	29	3-2	7	0	0	4	1	0
Kelly.....	5	14	2-4	9	1-4	5	0	1	4	1	1
Morris, T ...	9	16	1-7	39	4-3	5	0	0	2	1	3
Morris, C. ..	1	2	2-0	2	2-2	2	0	0	2	2	0
Mitchell	11	32	2-10	21	1-10	5	0	3	5	2	1
McCullough.	4	11	2-3	3	0-0	2	0	2	3	2	0
Manly.....	3	11	3-2	7	2-1	4	0	1	5	2	0
Mudge	1	4	4-0	1	1-1	1	0	0	4	4	0
Povie.	4	7	1-3	7	1-3	2	0	0	2	1	0
Snediker....	2	9	4-1	5	2-1	3	0	0	5	4	0
Smith.....	1	2	2-0	6	6-0	6	0	0	2	2	1
Skaats	2	6	3-0	6	3-0	6	0	1	4	2	0
Thompson ..	4	14	3-2	9	2-1	3	0	0	4	3	0
Waddell.....	14	46	3-4	33	2-5	5	0	1	5	1	2

ADDITIONAL STATISTICS.

The Star club during 1862 have taken part in thirteen fi nine matches, and in three amalgamated games. Of the c contests they were successful against the Powhattan, Resolu (twice,) Olympic, (twice,) Charter Oak, Henry Eckford, tw and the Constellation. The clubs they lost games with were, t Charter Oak, Henry Eckford and Union.

The total number of innings played in the above games w 110, and the total runs scored, 289; which gives an average two runs to an innings with 60 over, and 22 to a match with over. The total score made by their opponents in the sa games was 147.

Of the innings played there were thirty-three in which no ru were made, an average of 3 to a match; the number on the p of their adversaries being 47.

The greatest number of innings in a match in which no ru were obtained was 5, the least being one; the same on the p of their opponents being respectively 7 and 0.

The highest score obtained in one innings was 13, that their opponents being 8. The highest score obtained in a mat was 46, the lowest 5; the same scores on the part of th opponents were respectively 24 and 5.

Double figures in single innings were scored in three matche none being scored by their opponents.

The total number of passed balls on which bases were run the above games was 89, against 93 allowed by their opponents

The number of fly catches made was 96, and the numb missed, 30; the number of bound catches made, 57, and t number missed, 24.

The number of times in which the Stars were put out on fl balls was 67, and the times they put out their opponents similar was 85.

The shortest game occupied one hour and forty-five minut and the longest three hours and a half.

The first of the above games was played May 21st, and the l October 14th.

BASE BALL AT FORT PULASKI.

FORT PULASKI, Ga., Dec. 26, 1862.

MR. EDITOR.—You will greatly oblige us, the Drum Corps of the Forty-eighth Regiment, by inserting in your paper an a count of a base ball match, played within the walls of Fort P laski, Georgia. The match was played on Thursday, the 25 (Christmas), between a picked nine of the Forty-eighth Reg and the Drum Corps of the same. Among the picked nine w be noticed several first class junior players, and among t drummers some junior players from Brooklyn The playi on both sides was of the first class; there were only eight pla ers on each side. Ten innings were played on account of the being a tie on the ending of the ninth innings. The following the score:—

PICKED NINE.	H.L.	Runs.	DRUM CORPS.	H.L.	Runs
Foley, Co. F., p.....0		5	Murtha, ss.....3		3
Bracken, Co. F., c....5		1	Bennett, c.....4		2
McDermott, Co. F., 1 b.6		1	Morgan, 2d b.....4		2
Nolan, Co. A., 2d B....2		3	Colgan, 1 f.....3		2
Shehan, Co. G., 3d b...4		0	Johnson, 3d b.....4		2
Sturges, Co. C., l f.....6		0	Raymond, p.....3		0
Olsen, Co. K., r f.....4		1	Terry, r f.....4		0
Brooksbank, Co. E., ss.3		3	Tompkins, 1st b.....5		—
Total.....14			Total.....15		

	RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.									
	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th
Picked Nine..	2	1	1	2	2	0	1	1	3	1—
Drum Corps..	0	1	0	2	2	1	5	2	0	0—

Umpire—Mr. P. Foley, of Co. F.
Scorer for the Picked Nine, Mr. A. Messenger.
Scorer for the Drum Corps, Wm. H. Alburtis.

GEORGE W. RAYNOR,
Drummer, Co. C, Forty-eighth Reg't N. Y. S. V.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. RICHARDSON.—Yea, yaw, si, yes, verily, they *are* legible; and how thankfully received we need not "draft" our lexicon to tell you. One next week.

F. KEYES, Boston.—Very glad to make your acquaintance; we lay your solution before Mr. S. Would you be so kind as to give us a list of your Chess Club's present officers? Some account of matches, if any, on the tapis; two or three games recently played; your club prospects for the season, or any other items of interest. Is E. J. Weller, or either of the Messrs. Howard with you yet?

J. W., N. Y.—We submitted your batch of problems to an eminent problemist and critic, who sums up their examination as follows:—"One [No. 3] is unsound, one [No. 1] inaccurate in construction, and too easy for publication, two [Nos. 4 and 5] too easy for publication, one [No. 6] too easy, but might be given as an enigma, and one [No. 2] the only one that can claim any merit to entitle it to publication, might be given on diagram, to encourage a beginner." Nos. 2 and 6 we will give; but heartily join your critic in recommending you to strive for quality rather than quantity, and to devote long and careful study to Mr. Schlesinger's Essay on Problems, in connection with the works of the masters.

JOHN SCHLESINGER.—Our new correspondent, F. Keyes, of Boston, sends the following as a solution of your last 5-move:—

1..Q to her sq	Kt to Q B 4	4..R or Q × Kt	As he can
2..Q—her B 2	Kt—Kt 6 +	5..Q mates.	
3..K—R 2	Kt—B 8 + 1		

If Black 3..Kt × P; 4..Q to Kt 2 +, P interposes; 5..Q × P, mate.

Can you defend the position from this attack? Mr. K. also challenges you, or any other composer, to produce a problem which he cannot solve within 48 hours of coming under his notice. The above solution he furnishes with *two hours'* study.

MR. CAMPBELL'S PRIZE PROBLEM.

The remarkable fate of this remarkable problem is a remarkable example to Chess enthusiasts, who of all men are remarkably fast in announcing opinions. Our contributor, Mr. Schlesinger, discovered a second solution, which we gave to the American Chess world, while almost simultaneously the members of the City Road C. C., London, discovered and circulated it in Europe. And now comes in the predicament. In spite of one confessedly faulty problem, so excellent were all the rest of the positions, the Committee awarded Mr. C. the 2d serial prize, and the £10 prize for the one best problem in nearly 500. Now this one turns out faulty, in addition to the other, making *two worthless* in a sett of six! What's to be done? The committee have closed their labors, sat in judgment, issued their fiat, executed their decisions, been discharged and their power with their existence has ceased. Mr. C. has got his money, done what seemed good to him with it, of course, and has disposed himself in a most complacent mood to enjoy his *otium* with his *dig*—who wouldn't? As Walker well says in *Bell*, it's a delicate matter to re-open. In our opinion the award should be, as it was expected to be, final—in the absence of a proviso excepting errors; and neither the Committee nor the British Chess Association have any *ex post facto* power in the matter. Let them provide for such a contingency in the future. How all but insuperably difficult to penetrate *all* the arcana of the design, and accompanying the design, of a first-class Chess problem! Walker cautiously remarks:—"Perhaps honor calls on Mr. C. to surrender the prize:" and again adds in his peculiarly pithy way:—"So much for having 500 problems to examine!"

The *Era*, of Jan. 4th says:—"Just as we go to press, we hear that the Problem Committee met on Friday last, for the purpose of considering what steps should be taken with reference to the mistake committed in awarding the Single Problem Prize.

"After a careful comparison of the positions, they decided that the prize be still given to Mr. J. G. Campbell, but for another Problem in his Series.

"By this mistake, Mr. Campbell was disqualified for a Series Prize, and it accordingly became necessary to select a fresh prize-man, and to make alterations in the other awards.

"The prize-men for Series Problems now stand in the following order:—

"FIRST PRIZE.—'Nymph in thy orisons,' Dr. C. Bayer.
"SECOND PRIZE.—'Aut Cæsar aut Nihil,' Signor T. Plachutta.
"THIRD PRIZE.—'Bell Alma," Dr. A. Novotny.
"FOURTH PRIZE.—'Qui staddium currit,' Rev. — M'Arthur."

A MATCH is being contested at the old London Chess Club, between Herr Steinitz and Mr. Blackburne. The score at last advices ran thus:—Drawn 2; Mr. B. 1; Herr S. 5. We belive the first winner of 7 is to be declared winner.

ANOTHER GRAND MATCH, which, if not presenting harder fighting, is more even in its results, is being fought out at the Cigar Divan, between Mr. Mackenzie and the Rev. G. A. McDonnell. Present score; Drawn 1; Mr. McD. 3; Mr. McK. 5. Of this match we have a splendidly fought "Philidor's Defence," and of the former, a "Fianchetto" marked for re-publication.

PAUL MORPHY'S arrival in Paris, *via* Havana, is certainly chronicled in our European exchanges. Now look out for a *future* in the Chess world; the King of Chess will make good his title to the same, most assuredly. We hope he will find leisure to visit Germany this time, and give Herr Max Lange what he so craved before, a worse beating than ever entered into his egotistical head to conceive.

ENIGMA No. 365.

From Bell's Life in London.

BY DR. REVEL.

at his B 2, K R 7, K 8, K 3d.

at his 4th, at K B 2d.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

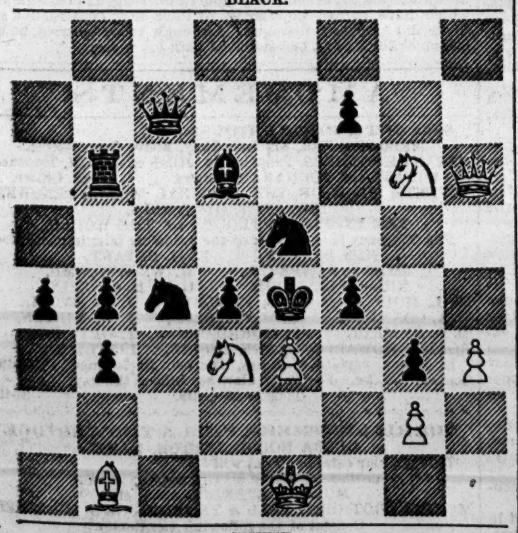
PROBLEM No. 365.

WORLD'S CONGRESS FIRST PRIZE PROBLEMS.

"NYMPH IN THY ORISONS,"

BY DR. CONRAD BAYER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in five moves.

GAME No. 365.

Recently played between our contributors John Schlesinger and Chas. A. Gilberg.

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack, Schlesinger.	Defence, Gilberg.	Attack, Schlesinger.	Defence, Gilberg.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..Q to K Kt 4	Q B to K 3
2..K B—B 4	K B—B 4	15..Q—K R 5	K B—Q 3
3..K Kt—B 3	Q Kt—B 3	16..P—Q 4	K R—Kt sq
4..P—Q B 3	P—Q 3	17..Q P × P	K B—B 4
5..Q—her Kt 3	K Kt—R 3	18..Castles	Castles
6..P—Q 3	Q Kt—R 4	19..Q—K B 4	K R × P
7..Q—R 4 +	P—Q B 3	20..Q—K B 4	K R—Kt 3
8..Q B × Kt	Q Kt × B	21..Q Kt—B 4	K R—Kt 5
9..Q × Q Kt	Q B—K 3	22..Q Kt—Q 6 +	K B × Kt
10..Q—her R 4	Kt P × B	23..K P × B	K R × Q
11..Q Kt—Q 2	Q—her B 2	24..Q P × Q	Q R × B +
12..K R—B sq	P—Q 4	25..R × Q R	K B × Kt, and
13..K P × P	Q B × P		Schlesinger resigned.

BILLIARDS IN AUSTRALIA.—Billiards appear to be quite as attractive in that far-off land as elsewhere, and they occasionally get up a "big thing." On August 4, 1862, Mr. Townsend, of Dunedin, and Mr. Lamb, of Melbourne, played a match of 1000 points, for $5,000, at the Princess Theatre, Dunedin, in the presence of two hundred gentlemen, a number of whom had paid from $5 to $10 for box and stage seats. The affair was pretty closely contested, Mr. Lamb finally winning by 85 points, scoring 1,000 to his opponent's 915. Time of game, 4 hours, 40 min.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ACCEPTANCE, Franklin, N. Y.—Accept our thanks for the pair of games, which are on file for examination.

S. W. HOWARD, Pekin, Ill.—Please forward a solution to your position. This is indispensable in all cases.

A LOOKER ON.—Too late, as you have already learned, no doubt. Sorry, for those remarks were spicy. Thanks for the Trunk of Betsey Baker.

B., Philadelphia.—A Looker On writes as follows: "Please ask B. to point out clearly the game he alludes to, and add the favor of an analysis of his discovery."

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn.—The games from the army have been mislaid. A day or two since we pounced on them, and should they wash, will hang them out.

E. N. BASSETT, St. Louis, Mo.—Success to you, in your new position. The sheet you speak of issues a little draught matter, spasmodically. The CLIPPER is the recognized organ of draught players in the United States.

G. D. SHELDRAKE, N. Y.—The "Scottish Draught Player" is the best treatise on the science of Draughts yet published, as it contains but few errors, as far as we have examined. It contains 761 variations, and treats mostly of the Single Corner and Alma openings. The "American Draught Player" has too many errors in it to be reliable. Will forward you the S. D. P. or Anderson's Treatise, if we can find either.

GAME No. 44—Vol. X.

"TRUNK" OF BETSEY BAKER,

OTHERWISE, SINGLE CORNER.

From Drummond's Book, (Third Edition.)

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	16.. 6 to 10	27 to 24
2..15 22	25 18	17..19 23	17 13
3..12 16	29 25	18.. 9 14	13 9
4..10 14	25 22	19..14 18	9 6
5..16 20	24 19	20.. 2 9	11 7
6.. 8 12	19 15	21..10 14	20 11
7.. 7 10	15 11	22..23 27	32 23
8.. 3 7	18 15	23..18 27	7 2
9.. 7 16	15 11	24..27 31	2 7
10..10 15	22 17	25..14 17	21 14
11..15 19	17 10	26.. 9 18	24 20
12.. 6 15	23 18	27..18 23	7 10
13..15 22	26 17	28.. 5 9	11 7
14..20 24	27 20	29..23 27	7 2
15.. 1 6	31 27	30..27. 32	drawn.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 41—Vol. X.

BY A. L. H., OF BALTIMORE.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..29 to 25	21 to 30	6.. 2 to 7	15 to 18
2..20 16	30 23	7. 12 8	4 11
3..16 12	23 16	8.. 7 16	18 22
4.. 7 2	16 7	9..16 19	24 28
5.. 2 2	10 15	10..19 23, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 42—VOL. X.

In actual play, between Messrs. HINES and LEUBS.

Black.	White.
1..18 23	17 26
2..23 27	31 24
3..30 7	24 19
4.. 7 11, and wins.	[Neat!]

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 106th POSITION.

White.	Black.
1..23 27	31 24
2..16 19	23 15
3..14 10, and wins.	

MATCH GAME.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

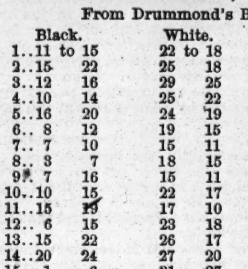
Black—G. M. B.	White—Acceptance.
5..12 16	25 22
6..10 15	21 17

POSITION No. 43—Vol. X. THE 107th POSITION OF STURGES.

BY W. S, KNIGHT.

End-Game.

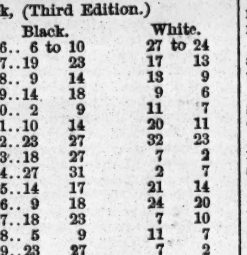
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

From the Sporting Life, Jan. 7. and 10.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND THE UNKNOWN, £200 A-SIDE AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—Tuesday evening, Jan. 6, was the time appointed for the staking of the second deposit of £25 a side, at Jem Mace's; but, on our attending to witness the money beign posted, beyond a few personal friends of Mace's being present, and some inquisitive Eastenders putting in an appearance, nothing transpired, and the money would therefore have to be forwarded to the final stakeholder on Friday Jan. 9.

JEM MACE AND JOE GOSS—MACE STAKING £600 to £400, at 10st 10lb.—There are now £50 down for the above match, viz.: £30 on the part of Mace, and £20 for Joe Goss; and, beyond a few surmises respecting the eventual completion of the transaction, there is nothing doing. The next deposit of £30 to £20, has to be staked in three weeks time, at a house to be named by Jem Mace.

FOREIGN RING ITEMS.

JEM DILLON'S BENEFIT took place at the West Brompton Cricket Ground on Jan. 6, and proved successful, pecuniarily and otherwise, but would have been better had Jem been weatherwise, and chosen a finer day. He wound up with his old opponent, Patsey Reardon.

DISTINGUISHED TOURISTS.—Alec Keene and Jerry Noon are off for Prussia, to show them how to use their digits. McClellan tried to show our fellers how to dig it into Richmond; but they didn't take, and we are not there yet. It is to be hoped that Keene and Noon will have more apt scholars.

FLOOD DONOVAN is matched with Mace's Wolf for £25 a side, at catch weight. Clamp, the late victor of the former, has got the money.

PATSEY REARDON and Shocker Shipp are matched at 10st 4lb, for £100 a side. Shocking for Shocker!

TOPPER BROWN and H. Burgess are matched for £100 a side, at 10st 2lb.

GAME FIGHT

BETWEEN

G. ROWE AND CARPENTER, FOR £40.

This event, which has for a length of time engrossed the attention of the pugilistic and sporting world of Coventry and the district, was brought to a successful issue, under somewhat adverse circumstances, on Tuesday, Jan. 6. The combatants are but little known in the P. R., and have only figured in a small tournament near Coventry some three months ago, when Rowe, who is a 10st man, and thirty-four years of age, being fearfully out of condition, a lengthened contest ensued, ending in a draw. Rowe is, moreover, a first-rate cricketer, and has contended with Hayward and other celebrities. Carpenter is a well-made young fellow, some twenty-two years of age, his fighting weight about 8st 8lb., and for the present encounter had been under the watchful eye of Morris Roberts, at Birmingham. Those Birmingham pugs who had the remotest idea of witnessing the mill, had to get to the watch-making city overnight, and, on arriving, the enthusiasm was wound up to the highest pitch, movements throughout the night going on with alacrity. Long before daybreak, many a break was on the road with a cargo of humanity sufficient to break down all appertaining thereto. After a long and tedious journey, a halt was made at Willoughby, some eighteen miles out, and the accoutrements of war quickly arranged, when, just as all were on the tip-toe of expectation, two exceedingly polite "beaks," (we do not speak ironically) not wishing to move in the matter, respectfully advised a "move," and accordingly a second pilgrimage was commenced, in the direction of Frecknoe, in Northamptonshire, where, having arrived, with little delay the magic circle was again formed, in a beautiful valley richly carpeted by nature. Rowe was the first to enter the same, speedily followed by Carpenter. A referee being appointed in the person of Mr. John Hewitt, of Coventry, (to whom too much credit cannot be given, as he showed the utmost firmness when wanted, and could not be shaken to give a wrong decision, although frequently appealed to,) the men stood up at a quarter past twelve for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the men appeared in fighting costume, the prevailing opinion appeared to be that Rowe was well up to the mark in point of condition, Carpenter being perhaps rather too finely drawn. Rowe was the first to lead with the left; but somewhat short, he tried his right, but missed. The game having now begun, Carpenter, on steadying himself, planted on the nose, Rowe retaliating with a flush hit with the left, which fell with terrific force on the mouth. A few exchanges, when they closed, and Rowe slipped down.

2. Both came up considerably flushed. Directly they advanced to the mark, they commenced business in ding-dong style, Carpenter leading on the forehead, and getting his change on the left eye, drawing some blood, which, however, was not claimed. Carpenter stuck well to his work notwithstanding, and propped his man in really good style with both hands, the right on the left cheek, and the left on the chest; a rally ensued, in which the hitting was out of latitude, yet when either got within reach, it was with a very creditable degree of precision. At the finish, Rowe again slipped down. 6 to 4 was now offered on Carpenter.

3. Short and sharp exchanges, somewhat in favor of Carpenter, when they quickly closed, and Rowe was again down.

4. Carpenter showed a red flush on the left eye, and his countenance was anything but free from marks, his opponent also showing signs of punishment. There was now some little caution, neither seeming disposed to lead. At last, Rowe, by the advice of his second, led off, and got well on the *os frontis* with his left, making his right with much force on the ribs. Some rapid in-fighting ensued, decidedly in favor of Carpenter, when Rowe went down in his own corner.

5. A wild, scrambling round, the men at once closing, when some merry fibbing followed, and Rowe again got down, amidst offers of 5 to 4 on Carpenter. 15 min. had now elapsed.

6. Rowe came up all sunshine, Carpenter looking somewhat out of sorts; nevertheless, he gathered himself well together, and let fly with his left on the nose; Rowe, at the same time, dashing in with his right on the mouth, and then both got to close quarters, when Carpenter got the crook on, and threw his man somewhat heavily.

7. Very heavy exchanges, Rowe getting well on the chest and ribs, and receiving on the jaw, when they closed, fibbing merrily; Rowe again down outside the ropes.

8. Both much flushed. Rowe invested heavily on the mouth and ribs. Carpenter, however, returned with interest, when they got to close quarters; Rowe again down.

9. Carpenter up first, looking the picture of mischief. They got to work at once, tooth and nail, and, on closing, both fell over the ropes, Carpenter being nearest to mother earth.

10. Rowe led off with a rattler on the nose, from which blood flowed copiously; they at once got to close work, when Rowe slipped down to avoid.

11. Carpenter came up first, and quickly dashed in a spanker on the nose, but as the blow was delivered almost with the open hand, the effect was not very "stunning." He contrived, however, to hug his man affectionately, administering pepper with no sparing hand. On closing, both came to grief, Rowe undermost.

12. Up to this time, Carpenter had held the lead, but the superior strength of his adversary now told tales, and it was evident that a great change was coming over the face of things. Rowe went in at the call of his clever second, Paddy Gill, with great effect, administering with both hands, the left on the "mark," and the right with telling severity on the ribs. In the finish, both down, Carpenter under. At this juncture, a notorious "bung," known by the *soubriquet* of "the Juggler," made himself exceedingly officious, and this was the more to be regretted, as the proceedings were being conducted with great order, if we except those of this sorry individual, whose behavior was deservedly censured by the bulk of those present.

13. Rowe led off, getting his left well on the nose, and quickly making his right on the ribs, with scarce a return; rapid exchanges to a close, when both fell, Carpenter under.

14. Very short. Both came up rather weak, yet neither flinched from his work, but went in like "good boys," until the round was suddenly terminated by Rowe throwing his man.

15. Both were up together, Rowe little the worse for the work, but Carpenter was much flushed on the ribs, with his left eye showing strong signs of darkness. Rowe planted his left with much precision on the head, and made Carpenter look about with his right eye—the only one left—and which was visited by a nasty thwack from Rowe, which made it look queer, like the other. Yet Carpenter was not to be denied, and fought his antagonist with thorough gameness, but only to catch monkey's allowance—more blows than half-pence—Rowe administering a stinger on the ribs, and landing his right on the nose, and receiving on the cheek. Both showed blood flowing. A struggle, and a fall on the ropes, Carpenter under. This was the longest round, lasting 15 min.

16. This bout appeared pretty decisive of the actual issue of the contest, Rowe repeatedly getting on his man with both hands, on the old sores, the left eye and ribs. The limited vision of Carpenter naturally enough caused the utmost anxiety to his backer. Rowe now administered with both hands, in one-two style, and succeeded in throwing his man over the ropes. 2 to 1 was now freely offered on him.

17. Short, but much in favor of Rowe, and, after a few exchanges, both went down, Carpenter under.

18. Very quick, closing as soon as up. In the finish, both down at the ropes, Carpenter under, the blood trickling from his mouth.

19. After a few rapid exchanges, Rowe slipped up, the ground being now very "greasy."

20. Rowe dashed out his left on the nose, and again set the tap running, much to the consternation of the "watch-makers." A long struggle to the ropes. On closing, both down, Carpenter under.

21. Rowe (a "knight of the lapstone") was again the first to lead, making his formidable left full in the face, and his right on the old spot (the ribs); Carpenter, not idle, returning cleverly on the right eye and nose, and "drawing" again, and falling in the middle of the ring from the force of his own blow.

22. Short and quick. At once to work; both down, Carpenter under.

23. An exact repetition of round 22.

24. Carpenter showed much punishment on the left ribs, and appeared to be getting very weak, while Rowe was "all there," and as fresh as when he commenced. Rowe went up to his man, and fought him down in his own corner.

25 to 36 and last. It is quite unnecessary to give the remainder of the rounds in detail, as their character was all in one direction, and Carpenter, who was becoming nearly blind, and completely at the mercy of his opponent, had to give in, after a game battle which lasted exactly 1 hour 35 min. After the decision had gone forth, Carpenter, who was thoroughly game to the backbone, rushed wildly after his man, wishing to renew the encounter; but the sponge having been thrown up, Rowe was immediately removed from the ring, and the battle was at an end.

REMARKS.

As comparative novices, these men have acquitted themselves in a manner highly creditable. The loser is not the least disgraced, as he fought under strong disadvantages, having a more powerful man to contend against, and his trim was not so satisfactory as we could have wished, as he was too finely drawn. Of the winner, who is a thoroughly good-tempered fellow, we can only say that he took all by surprise, and it is to be hoped that both will now shake hands, and that something will be projected for their mutual good.

MERRY MILL AT LYNN, NORFOLK.—One of the most exciting pugilistic encounters that has taken place in the neighborhood since the fight between Joe Holmes, of Norwich, and Davy Arger, of Lynn, took place on Thursday, Jan. 8, about a mile and a half from the town, between Dan West, a huge, burly fellow of some 13st, and Young Whitelock, who is a much smaller man. Both men hail from Lynn, and are by "profession" hardy sons of Neptune; but West is a native of Boston, Lincolnshire. They are both, to some extent, handy with their fists, though they must, we suppose, be styled "novices." West is above thirty years of age, whilst his antagonist is about twenty-five; still, the great size of West rendered him a most formidable antagonist, especially with his known pretensions to the possession of no little science. The fight took place on a flat near the Eau Brink Bridge, on the river Ouse, a spot admirably fitted for a "quiet" encounter, being completely sheltered from observation. The journey to the spot was performed on foot, and though a large number of the lovers of pugilism might be seen wending their way on the banks of the Ouse, with some "business" evidently in prospect, yet the curiosity of the "blues" was not awakened, and no disturbance took place. The ring was pitched at eleven o'clock. The names of those who attended to the belligerents are for obvious local reasons withheld. The ring was surrounded by about 150 persons, who took the greatest interest in the encounter. At a few minutes after eleven the men shook hands, and the fight commenced. West was the favorite at starting, in consequence of his superiority in calibre, but it soon became apparent that Whitelock was a thorough match for him. The way in which he received the heavy lunges and body blows of his huge antagonist, and the smart manner in which he delivered his blows on the upper region of Dan West's countenance, excited the greatest admiration amongst the members of the "fancy" present. The fight continued for an hour and a half. The early portion of it was any one's, give and take being the order of the day, and the betting was like the fighting—about even. After about an hour's hot work, the young-'un displayed some excellent science with considerable success, and at half-past twelve Dan West declared that he had had enough, Young Whitelock being consequently hailed the winner. West was very severely punished about the face, and Whitelock the same on the body.

FIGHT IN THE NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT.—A merry mill came off on Monday Jan. 5, in the Nottingham district, between the Manchester Young-'un and Bartley, of Nottingham, at catch-weight, for a purse, &c. The challenge was thrown out only a short time since, but apparently long enough for the police to catch scent, as several members of that force had assembled in the direction of Mapperley Plains (where it was arranged to bring it off) to stop the proceedings. "The party," however, declined the company of the "blues," and beat an orderly retreat; but sallying out later in the day, they managed to reach a nice secluded spot on the banks of the Trent, and only a few miles from Nottingham, without the slightest interference. Here the ropes and stakes were speedily adjusted, and the combatants commenced the operation of "peeling." On facing each other, there appeared a great disparity between them, Bartley being by far the heavier and taller man; and this advantage soon "told its tale" on his weaker opponent. Still, the gameness of the Manchester man was unquestionable, as round after round he answered the "call," only to receive the "lion's share" of punishment. The battle lasted about an hour and a quarter, during which time the "Young-'un's" hand could only reach Bartley's ribs, and the former's seconds then thought his chance hopeless, and up went the sponge in token of defeat. As we have before stated, the winner, Bartley, had it all his own way, and merely showed marks on his ribs, while the *os frontis* of the Manchester youth presented more the appearance of much bruising. At the termination of the mill, the spectators left the scene of action, leaving but few the wiser of its having taken place.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRESTLING IN LANCASHIRE STYLE.—A wrestling match took place on Jan. 2, at the City Grounds, Manchester, Eng., between Frank Robinson and John Gladen, the latter staking £25 to £20, the terms being the best of three back falls, Lancashire fashion, catch as catch can. George Piers officiated as referee. Betting commenced at evens, and soon rose 6 to 4 on Robinson. The articles stipulated that neither man was to be rubbed with resin, grease, or other pernicious drugs; all foul acts to be barred, and the strict rules of Lancashire wrestling to be adhered to in every instance. All preliminaries being duly arranged, at half-past two the men entered the arena in company with their respective trainers, Robinson being attended by John Lumb, of Ashton, and the Champion, William Schora, of Ashton, whilst Gladen had secured the services of John Meadowcroft, of Radcliffe under whose careful eye he had been prepared for the present match. Their toilets being completed, the men shook hands, and at once commenced hostilities, both men soon showing that they were possessed of some clever moves at their game. After wrestling for nearly an hour, during which time each man had a narrow escape of touching the floor, Gladen appealed to the referee, stating that Robinson had something under his stocking-feet. That official consequently made him pull his stockings off, and it turned out that he had on a pair of goloshes, which he was ordered to remove. In a few minutes the men again came to the mark, Gladen displaying the greatest care, whilst his opponent wrestled in a very determined manner; however, after a good bout, lasting 1 hour and 15 min., Robinson caught his opponent in a critical position, and rolled him over. After resting ten minutes, the men again came to the mark, when a protracted game ensued, each man being on the defensive. They continued tugging away at each other until eight minutes to five, when darkness having set in, the referee called the men off, fifty-two minutes having elapsed from the first bout, making 2 hours 7 min, altogether, and they were ordered to resume hostilities at ten o'clock the next morning. Accordingly, they met again at the appointed time on Saturday, when 2 and 3 to 1 was offered on Robinson. About 250 persons were present to witness the result. The weather was beautiful, the sun shining as on a spring morning. The men, according to the rules, commenced with the same hold they left off with the day previous, Robinson being at the back of his man, thereby having a great advantage. Gladen, however, proved himself no novice in this critical position; in fact, he wrestles better at front than back, and did so the whole of the game. After wrestling 1 hour 4 min., Robinson again threw his man, and was declared the winner, after one of the best matches, lasting 3 hours 11 min., ever witnessed in those parts.

TWO MILES WALKING MATCH.—A walking match of this distance took place at Wandsworth, Eng., on ——, between Miles and Hatley. But little speculation took place, 3 to 1 being offered on Hatley, with but few takers. A referee being appointed, the men toed the mark, and a very even start was effected, Hatley, on the inside, taking a slight lead for the first twenty yards. Here Miles put up his hand as a signal to his friends, and immediately dashed to the front, but rounding the bottom turn, Hatley again took the lead, and held it up the back stretch. Miles, as they swung round the top turn, made a desperate effort for the lead, which he obtained, and finished the first lap (four to the mile) a couple of yards ahead. This order of walking was maintained until reaching the bottom of the course, when Hatley challenged for the lead and, after a fine struggle, obtained the pride of place, leading by about two yards, both going in superb style and walking most fairly. At the finish of the second lap (half a mile), Hatley led by three yards, and at three-quarters of a mile (three laps), ten yards, and offers to back him at any odds were made, but not accepted. During the next lap, Hatley still further increased his advantage, and at the finish of the mile led by twenty yards, doing the distance in 7 min 22 sec. The match was now virtually over, for Miles (as in all his late matches) giving way, he fell more and more in the rear, and was defeated by 100 yards, in 15 min. 32 sec., not *very fast* time for one who asp red to the championship.

THE FAVORITE JOCKEY of Mr. Ten Broeck's, Fordham, who has so often ridden the American horses to first or second place, has, during the past season, had 477 mounts, winning 150 times, 91 of which were favorites, and 98 took second place. Curiously enough, however, if any one had backed him to win for $25 each time he rode, "he, she, or it" would have lost $5325. In fact, there are only two jockies, D. Doyle and E. Martin, who, had they been backed in that way, would have made any returns. Moral.—Don't back the jockey, but back the different horses to the best of your judgment.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE THAMES.—As indicated by us last week, the match for the above honor and $2000, between Robt. Chambers and Geo. Everson "is on." Exception is taken to the match being called "for the Thames Championship," because Chambers' demand for expenses has been acceded to. We believe, however, the match "Kelley vs. Chambers" furnishes a precedent; consequently, it is no use fiing.

A BILLIARD HANDICAP for a silver cup took place at Newmarket, Eng., on the evenings of Dec. 30, 31, and Jan. 3. There were thirty-two entries. A Mr. Coleman won. We are down on handicaps at billiards, believing them to be no tests of skill whatever. It is a sort of pool-lottery, in which the luckiest man usually takes the "pot."

THE ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN.—Robt. Carpenter takes the lead in the averages of this famous eleven cricketers during the past season. He played 18 innings, scored 655 runs, was not out five times, and his average was 36 and 7 over. His highest score in an innings was 122; in a match, 136.

ENTERED FOR THE CHESTER CUP.—The American horse Umpir is in for this turf trophy. We hope Umpire will decide in his own favor.

BILLIARD MATCH FOR £200.—On January 9, Messrs. Roberts and Moss played a billiard match, for the foregoing amount, at the Saville House, London, Eng. Roberts (the Champion of the World?) gave Moss, who was "all the way from Manchester," 475 points in 1000, and "had no work to do" to beat him by 162 points at that. Bad for Moss. Among the lookers-on was the old sport Squire Osbaldiston. Good for you, Squire; here's our hand on it. The time of play was three hours, from 8 to 11 P.M. We append the score:—

Roberts—1, miss; 64, 24, 1, miss; 1, 1, 37, 5, 2, 0, 61, 2, miss; 1, 45, miss; 0, 6, 5, miss; 4, 0, 23, 0, 1, miss; miss; 1, 6, 1, miss; 27, 2, miss; 6, miss; 2, 0, 2, 53 (including 14 spot strokes), 16, 4, 31, 26, 18, 1, 0, 33, 1, miss; 0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0, 9, miss; 1, 39, 33, 0, 1, miss; 26, 10, 1, 39, 1, 23, 4, 0, 1, 3, 63, 10, miss; 1, 0, 51, 22, 33, 1, 0, 86, 5, 10, 11. Total, 1,000.

Moss—475; miss; 1, 3, miss; 1, miss; 7, 2, 4, 2, 0, 7, 1, miss; 1, miss; 4, 26, 5, 2, miss; 0, 7, miss; 1, 1, 2, miss; 7, miss; 1, 0, 28, 0, 1, 5, 1, 0, 0, 6, 49, 4, 0, 0, 0, 22, miss; 0 2, miss; 1, 0, 1, miss; 4, miss; 0, 0, 0, 0, 1, miss; 2, 4, 1, 2, 6, 6, miss; miss; 4, 2, miss; 11, miss; 0, 10, 1, miss; 45, 0, 16, 0, 31, miss; 2, 2, 8. Total, 838.

A TEN MILE TROT took place on the Louisiana Course, Sacramento, Cal., on Dec. 13th, between the horses, bl. h. Lancet, b. h. Trustee, and ch. h. John Nelson, for $1,000. Lancet won in the following

	TIME:		
1st mile	3:19	6th mile	3:15
2d mile	3:28¼	7th mile	3:23
3d mile	3:23	8th mile	3:17¾
4th mile	3:19	9th mile	2:58
5th mile	3:20	10th mile	2:52
Total	16:49½	Total	15:45¾

Total time, ten miles—32:35.

ANOTHER TEN MILE TROT took place on the Louisiana Track, Sacramento, Cal., on December 20th, for $2000, the competing quadrupeds being this time, G. W. Bidwell's ch m Belle of Sacramento, and H. S. Smith's b m Lady Lightfoot. The former won in the following time:—

First mile	3:11	Sixth mile	3:14
Second mile	3:08	Seventh mile	3:03½
Third mile	3:08	Eighth mile	3:02
Fourth mile	3:08	Ninth mile	3:00
Fifth mile	3:10¾	Tenth mile	3:05
Total	15:45¾	Total	15:24½

Total time, 10 miles—31:10¼.

A CUT AT THE "OLD MAN."—Young Jonathan having become imbued with patriotic notions, asked his father for half a dime to purchase a miniature wooden cannon on New Year's day. His "dad," by way of diverting him from his spendthrift notions, began dealing out a religious lesson to him:—"My son, would you suppose that the Lord's prayer could be engraved in a space no larger than the area of half a dime?" "Well, yes, daddy," replied the young hopeful; "if a half-dime is as large in everybody's eye as it is in yours, I think there would be no difficulty in putting it in about four times!"

IN THE WRONG SHOP.—A few days since a traveller stepped into a bank, and immediately pulled off his hat, coat and cravat. This done, he cast a look at the cashier, who was seated in a corner calm as a May morning, and with a commanding shake of the head, said,—

"Hadn't you better be getting that hot water ready?"

The teller informed him that he was in the wrong shop. "You are in a bank, sir; and not in a barber shop."

"Bank? whew!" ejaculated the astonished stranger. "Blame it, they told me it war a place where they shaved people."

A DREADFUL CASE.—"Doctor," said a despairing patient to one of our physicians, "I am in a dreadful state: I can neither lay nor set; what shall I do?"—"Why, then," replied the doctor very gravely, "I think you had better—roost."

A SWIFT SKATER.—A young man, named Nelson Brouk, of Stuyvesant Landing, N. Y., has challenged any skater in the state, for a five mile skating match for $200. It is said that Brouk can make his mile inside of three minutes.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 331.

DRAMATIC.

seats sold at $2:25, which were all the seats in the three private boxes, amounting to thirty. These were bought by Mr. Risley, a speculator. The next bid was $1:62½ for several seats in the parquet. The next bid was $1:37½, which was made by Speculator Risley, who took 100 seats in the dress circle (consisting of all in the front row), and 100 seats in the parquet. After this, a few seats were disposed of at $1 each, then 75 cents, and 25 cents. The last 100 seats in the dress circle were taken by Risley at 25 cents premium. The seats in the parquet were then put up, and the majority sold at 25 cents premium. As soon as the dress circle seats were sold, the excitement had died out, and the crowd dispersed. There being no purchasers left, it was deemed advisable not to put up the family circle seats. The sale was not a success, the amount of premiums reaching about $500 or $600.

We were among the first who foreshadowed the success of Miss Lucille Western, when we recommended a change in the repertoire of that lady. The Western sisters came into notice in the piece called the "Three Fast Men," and it was thought by some that they would never show to advantage in any other style of performance; we argued differently. We saw in those young girls, talent of a high order, and we felt satisfied that, sooner or later, they would make their mark in a higher range of the drama. We already find Miss Lucille devoting herself to a line of business entirely different from that which engaged her attention a few years ago, and her success is even greater now than it was then. A few weeks ago, in passing through Philadelphia, she engaged the Academy of Music in that city, and at very short notice, brought out her version of "East Lynne," as dramatised for her by Mr. Tayleur. If we remember right, three representations were given, and the audiences were both large and fashionable. But for other engagements, the play could have been run for some time longer. Miss Western has been performing in her great character of Lady Isabel, in "East Lynne," at the Washington Theatre, where she has met with great success. It was given for the last time on the 19th, since which time Miss Lucille has appeared in the "French Spy," thus affording still another evidence of her great versatility. She closed at Washington on the 24th ult., and will experiment on the Brooklyn people, at their Academy of Music, this evening, 26th inst.

Neafie, who has been starring it at the Metropolitan, Rochester, the past week, vacates in favor of the "Seven Sisters," which spectacle is the attraction for the current week.

At the Theatre Royal, Hamilton, C. W., the P. C. O. Rifle Amateurs announced to give two performances, the first on the 19th, and the second on the 23d inst. "Lend me Five Shillings?" a musical interlude by the P. C. O. Minstrels, and the farce of the "Camp at Grimsby," formed the programme. Vivat Regina.

Ralfred's Parlor Opera Troupe are performing Balfe's opera of the "Bohemian Girl" in the various towns in Massachusetts. They were in Ashland the latter part of last week. They go up the Norwich and Worcester-route to Oxford, New London, and thence to New York State. The cast of the opera is as follows: Arline, Miss Ada May; Gipsy Queen, Miss Georgie N. Allen; Thaddeus, Mr. Alfred W. Burt; Devilshoof, Mr. C. M. Charter; Arnheim, H. Raynor; Florestein, C. Villiers.

Mr. William Fuller, announced as the "champion skater of the world," is among the attractions at the National Theatre, Cincinnati.

What's the trouble at the Pittsburgh Theatre? It is somewhat remarkable that frequent disappointments take place there. First, Mr. E. L. Davenport was announced, but did not perform; then John E. Owens was announced, but *he* did not appear. Last week, Fanny Brown was to show her pretty face, but we believe she was not there. What does all this mean? Are these disappointments the fault of the performers, in all cases, or is there some trouble in front? The week was filled up with performances by the stock company, and this week Mr. Chanfrau will commence an engagement at the Pittsburgh.

Mr. Joseph P. Price has been engaged as stage manager for McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, and leaves Boston this week.

Mr. Edwin Booth was present at the Boston Museum, on the 21st, when his brother, J. Wilkes Booth, performed Pescara. He sat the play out, and being recognised by the audience was loudly applauded. It is probable that on the occasion of J. Wilkes Booth's closing benefit at the Museum, Edwin will appear, the two brothers performing the leading characters in Othello. That's what we like to see; brotherly love.

Maggie Mitchell had a splendid week of it at J. C. Myers' Academy, Providence, R. I. She closed the most brilliant engagement of the season there on the 24th; she played Fanchon three nights, Katty O'Sheal, and Maid and Milking Pail on the 22d, and Margot and Katty for her benefit on the 23d, the house being jammed, and hundreds turned away. In fact, it was the largest audience ever assembled at the Academy. Pet of the Petticoats and Four Sisters closed the week. Maggie is a favorite in Providence, and speaks well of the support she received in the drama of Katty O'Sheal, etc. Miss Mitchell will return there after she has fulfilled her Washington and Boston engagements.

Yankee Robinson is at the Academy, Providence (R. I.) this week, and next week plays in Worcester, with Myers' company, who vacate the Academy for a short time.

Miss Matilda Heron's performances at the St. Louis Theatre have been a series of triumphs. The first and second tier of boxes have been crowded nightly by the "upper ten" of St. Louis, notwithstanding the clerk of the weather has been at times unpropitious. The beginning of her second week she presented "The Belle of the Season," which gave way to "Camille" (for the last time) on Friday, 16th, for her benefit; and Saturday night, 17th, "Edith" and "Robert Macaire," Ben De Bar as Robert Macaire. Our correspondent "Copernicus" says:—To-night, 19th, she opens her third week in a new play entitled "Czarina, or Royal Revenge." This play was written for Miss H. by Lady Elizabeth Owen, of London, Eng. From what I have heard of it, the drama promises to be no less attractive than the other plays brought out by Miss Heron. It is said to be full of startling effects and beautiful tableaux, and is founded on the historical legend that Catharine, the second Empress of Russia, experienced a singularly impressive representation of herself during certain momentous crises of her career. It is also connected with the well known incidents of Czar Peter's murder by the Orloffs, the abduction of the Princess Tarakanoff, and the intrigues of Catharine with Orloff, Potenkin, and Senskei; her journey to Taurida, during which whole forests were consumed to illuminate a temporary palace, with other historical episodes which are interwoven with the plot, so that even when imagination seems to dictate the story, the testimony of Catharine's biographers corroborates the facts.

An opportunity for a first-class chambermaid is offered in our advertising columns, to travel, by Mr. Charles Wilkinson. Stand not upon the order of your application, but apply at once, as an early "forward movement" is contemplated.

New Haven, Conn., is to be redeemed out of the hands of the Philistines, *i. e.* blueskins. Miss Laura Keene and company are soon to appear in Music Hall, and Mr. Jarrett introduces Miss Lucille Western in "East Lynne," at Music Hall, Jan. 27th.

Laura Keene and company will close at the Howard, Boston, on the 31st. On the 2d and 3d of Feb. they perform at the Academy, Providence, R. I.

Sallie St. Claire opened at Ellsler's Theatre, Columbus, Ohio, on the 20th, and has been doing very well, notwithstanding the bad weather prevailing of late. Sallie has played the "Borgia," "Green Bushes," and "Pauline." Her benefit was fixed for the 23d, Charles Barras in his "Malade Imaginaine," and the "Wept of the Wish-ton-wish" being the bill. We understand that her engagement closes on the 28th, and it is probable that McDonough, with his Seven Sisters, will follow immediately after.

John S. Clarke is now in his third week, at the Holliday, Baltimore.

"Les Miserables," dramatised, as the bill informs us, by Mr. S. E. Ryan, was announced for presentation at the Baltimore Museum on the 24th. Sammy, *is* it yours, dear?

Mr. Hackett makes his first appearance at the New Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 28th, that being Mr. Forrest's first night off.

Maggie Mitchell, we understand, will commence a second engagement at Boston on the 16th of February, when, it is thought, she will produce her new play of "Hermance." Billy Florence follows her, opening on the 1st of March.

J. Wilkes Booth has been playing to immense business at the Boston Museum. He remains there three weeks in all.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence were to have closed at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on the 24th, and open in St. Louis on the 26th.

Mrs. Jane English's new theatre, Boston, will not be ready for the company as soon as had been anticipated. It will probably be opened towards the latter part of February. It is to be called Jane English's New Tremont Theatre. Mrs. English is getting together a capital company, and will play them in Portland and other places until the new establishment is completed. The New Tremont promises to be a successful Boston notion. Mr. August Muller is to have charge of the orchestra.

Miss Julia Daly was indisposed, and unable to appear during the latter part of her engagement at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati. The "Seven Sisters" was still on the bills. They go to Columbus next.

The dramatic-company of Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, have returned from their travels, and commence their regular season this evening, 26th, with Miss Matilda Heron as the star, who will re-produce her "East Lynne," and the public will have an opportunity to see two great actresses together, Miss Heron and Mrs. Farren. Our correspondent says "East Lynne" was brought out at the National, Cincinnati, last season, and there is a great desire to see it again.

The National, Cincinnati, under Mr. Fuller's management, opened on Wednesday evening, Jan. 21st, with the following company: Miss Fannie B. Price, Miss Mary Hill; Messrs. L. P. Roys, M. W. Fiske, Mr. Hanchett, F. Mackay, Mr. Grierson, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Arnold, Wm. Fuller, Mrs. Zarzedar, Mrs. H. F. Nichols, Miss Novarre, Mrs. Grierson, Lottie Verne, etc. The opening piece was "Ingomar," followed by the little comedy called the "Loan of a Lover." Mr. Fuller, the great skater, on his parlor skates, brought down the house; his reception was great. The night was unpleasant, but the attendance was good.

The Webb sisters arrived all safe in Havana, and were to commence an engagement at the Villanueva theatre on the 17th.

MUSIC HALLS.

Mr. Beller's new company made their first appearance in Detroit, on Saturday, the 17th, to a very full house, M'lle Marietta Ravel's dancing proving everything that was expected of her, being one of the most graceful danseuses that has appeared on the Detroit boards for a long time past. A correspondent, "Xej," says:—"Mr. Harry Clinton is immense, and is already a great favorite; Master Pat Conner, Irish vocalist, and Mons. P. Cane, classic performer, were received in a manner that must have been grateful to their feelings. Miss Fanny Wilson and Hillington were both well received; Josh Hart and Miss Laura Le Claire, I understand, leave soon for Milwaukee, after a very successful engagement. Mr. Dan Bushnell is in his last week. Miss Clara Burton, one of the very best of jig dancers, has been trying the clog dance with success."

Signor Don Santiago Gibbonnoise made his first appearance at the Metropolitan Varieties, Detroit, on Monday, the 19th.

The Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia, is doing the best business of any saloon in that city. By constantly engaging the very best of talent in the profession, they attract crowded houses. M'lle Sophie Nelson and Mons. Fouche, lately with the Richings in Washington, are engaged here. They are very clever in the Terpsichorean art. Kitty Blanchard will shortly appear.

The Melodeon, Philadelphia, opened on the 17th, under the management of De Wolfe, on the cheap principle; it remained open two nights, and then went up in a balloon. No one suffered but the "poor players."

The Casino, Philadelphia, under the management of Mr. Fox, is in the full tide of success. Mr. Fox has got one of the best located places of amusement in the city, and he enjoys a good share of patronage.

The Olympic, Philadelphia, under the management of Hernandez, is still open with the Lehman Family, and a few others lately connected with the Ravel troupe. Business is not good. We understand that Hernandez, with a pantomime troupe, will soon start out on a starring tour through the Eastern States.

At the Canterbury, Washington, business same as ever—full every night. Julia Mortimer, Kate Pennoyer, and Mlles. Augusta and Marie, are as popular as ever. The great feature of the week past has been the production of the pantomime of the "Golden Axe," with George R. Edeson as the clown. It plays well, and has been produced with new scenery, dresses, &c. Three new people were added last week—Larry Tooley, the jig dancer; and Miss Hannah Birch and Miss Florence Rivers, from Philadelphia. Dick Parker, H. W. Eager, and J. A. Willis, still lead the corkisms.

Concert saloons are in the height of their glorious success in Philadelphia, but some fears are entertained that they are doomed to a short life, because a committee of wise heads from Harrisburg have been down by appointment, to report the morality or immorality of these institutions, in compliance "with a request of numerous pious residents." They visited the various academies of "Song and Vice," and have "gone up," we mean returned to the Halls of Legislation, in "bad condition" to support such institutions; consequently, the sequel may be—"shut 'em up."

M'lle Lizette continues one of the principal attractions at the Washington Varieties, where she has now been performing for a couple of weeks. M'lle Lizette's *forte* is in fancy dances, but she seems to be one of that school who can turn their abilities to other lines of business, and succeed in all. Our young friend some time ago commenced the practice of jig dancing; this was when she was performing an engagement out west, where fancy dances are not admired quite so much as they are in this part of the country. In her jig dances she met with a big reception at the hands of the men of the West, and filled a successful engagement. Now that she is at the capital of the Nation, she favors the patrons of the Varieties with both fancy and jig dances, and succeeds admirably in both. In her jigs, she performs some of the steps used by Mickey Warren and Hank the Mason, and which have made those two dancers so popular in jigs. M'lle Lizette is a useful performer, for in addition to dancing, she is a vocalist, a pantomimist, and also an actress. We hope to see Lizette in New-York again, before long.

Messrs. Hess and Sinn have transplanted some of Geo. Percival's great Canterbury company from Washington to Alexandria, Va., where they are now performing at Liberty Hall, to a flourishing biz. The company numbers among its talent the Misses Clara Harrington, Nellie Taylor, Kate Harrison, Tillie Forbes, and Annie Harrison, all familiar names to concert saloon patrons in the principal cities of the north. The masculines are Matt Gebbler, comic singer, Billy Emerson, all sorts, Frank Wyant, "barnjo," M. J. Closki, jig dancer, and Harry Talbot, nondescript.

Miss Nellie Howard and Miss Julia Robinson, "the two brilliant lights in the mysteries of contorting the pedals," Mons. Bliss, and other popular artists, were attracting large audiences to the Melodeon, Baltimore, last week. What Blissful moments are still in store, at the Melodeon, Baltimore, we leave to the public to decide for themselves, after adding that Manager Lea is still there.

At the Bowery, St. Louis, "Harlequin Tom, the Piper's Son," is drawing immense crowds. From present appearances, says our correspondent, it promises to have a long run. It has a good cast, costumes new, and abounds with tricks and transformations. On Friday, 16th, Mr. Fred Shaw had a benefit. From the looks of Fred's jolly phiz., and the way he shakes his fat sides, it must have been a bumper. J. C. Campbell made his reappearance on his old stamping ground on the 15th, and was received with great applause.

"Almost a Murder!" That's the latest "piece de resistance" at the Canterbury, Chicago, with Frank Pell as the culprit, and W. Bordwell as the victim. It's a killing piece.

A. M. Hernandez and troupe will close in Philadelphia this week, and then start on a tour. They will appear next week at the Academy, Providence, R. I.

Some evil-disposed parties in Philadelphia have boen attempting to injure Mr. R. W. Butler, of 444 Broadway, New-York, by forging his name to a document, and publishing it as if it came direct from Mr. Butler. See card in another column.

A new place, called the "New York Concert Saloon," has been opened in Cincinnati by Getz & Co. Getz was formerly manager of the Volk's Garden. Miss Fernando Florey is one of the cards. She sings "If Your Foot is Pretty, Show it," and she does show it as high as decency will permit. So "Stanwood," our correspondent, says, and he's been there. Volk's Garden is now used as a station for the soldiers.

NEGRO MINTSRELSY.

Arlington, Leon & Donniker's Minstrels have been offered a large sum to return to Columbus, Ohio, and give four more entertainments at Naughton Hall. They are great favorites of the Columbusites.

Nigger Minstrelsy has been revived at Memphis, Tenn. Morningstar's Campbells had taken possession of Odd Fellows' Hall, and were giving entertainments there at last advices; with what success we have not learned.

A band of minstrels, called the "World Star Band," was performing at Canterbury Hall, Cairo, Ill.

Page & Cree's Minstrels, who have been traveling in Vermont, have been disbanded; Cree has enlisted in the 13th Vermont, and gone to the seat of war. The Page Brothers are in Plainfield, Vt., organizing a new concern, a brass band and burlesque opera house, under the name of Page Brothers' Minstrels. Among those engaged are James Batchelder, N. Lumbard, M. S. Page, J. O. Page, Julian Lease, A. Lane, and Master Lon Page. M. S. and J. O. Page do the end business.

Foster's Minstrels appeared in Troy last week, and were liberally patronised. The late manager, Mr. Foster, does not seem to have been equal to the task of conducting a minstrel band. By-the-way, it is a difficult undertaking to control a burnt-cork organization. Foster, it appears, left for New York to attend to some money matters, and he did not return. At Albany, Johnny Booker skedaddled; but the balance of the party, W. H. Brockway, Jules Stratton, O. H. Carter, George Wrightman, W. Butler, E. Miles, Charles Wood, J. Gainor, Carl Shultz, W. Blythe, and W. Waters, showed as Foster's troupe, and like gentlemen, paid bills contracted by Foster. H. S. Rumsey has engaged the band, and, after a careful re-organization, they will start on their travels once more, and, we hope, under better auspices.

Morris Bros., Pell and Trowbridge's Minstrels, have purchased a house in the rear of their hall (on Province Court) and intend to make it into their stage, thereby enlarging their present area. They have in preparation a pantomime that will astonish the natives or any other man.

Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, in Philadelphia, are attracting very large audiences. It is almost impossible to obtain a seat in the lower part of the house after the performances have commenced. This troupe now gives an excellent entertainment.

"Dr. Gouge 'em Quick," "Susey Brown," "The Jealous Husband," "Sugar Cane Green," "Mariner Boy," "U. S. M." "Gipsey Chorus," and "I Can't Help Dat," are now being enacted by Arlington, Leon & Donniker's Minstrels, at their new opera house, in Chicago.

William H. Lewis, the contralto vocalist, is up for a benefit at Hooley's Opera House, Brooklyn, on the 28th inst. An entire change of programme is inaugurated this week.

At Springfield, Mass., on the 23d, Sharpley's Minstrels, the great troupe of "Iron Clads," gave an entertainment in Music Hall, to $268, the largest house ever assembled there to witness a minstrel entertainment. Sam put in an appearance, in person, the first time in three weeks; he met with an accident, in Manchester, N. H., some time ago, which disabled him for a time, and prevented him from performing. This will account for his non-appearance in some of the Eastern cities. He is himself again, however, and will hereafter take part in the entertainments. They were at Chicopee on the 24th.

The last of the Warm-pan-hogs is to be dished up by Hooley's Minstrels, at their Opera House, Brooklyn, this week. The piece is bristling with cuts, and slashes and slices up the follies of the day, the whole being founded on the tale of Metamora, or the Babes in the Woods. E. Bowers—did we ever call him one of the right Bowers? we forget—does the Injun. Archy Hughes is said to have made a decided hit in his eccentricities, and is set down as one of the best comedians in the business.

We see them on their winding way. Sam Sharpley's Monitors of Minstrelsy have terminated their campaign in the East, and now strike for the West. This week, they open in Albany with a very large company, and a strong and well-diversified bill of attractions. We predict a ten strike for this great band. Sam Sharpley is one of the wittiest, if not *the* wittiest man in the business, and his puns, play upon words, etc., afford a deal of merriment.

Christy Minstrels continue to multiply in England. In addition to several full-fledged bands rejoicing in the name of Christy, a juvenile party have just started up. They are called the "Juvenile Christy Minstrels," seven in number, whose ages range from seven to ten. They not only sing and dance, but play solos on the cornet, tamborine, violin, harp, etc. The Little Christys are said to be quite a novelty.

CIRCUSES.

Van Amburgh & Co.'s concern is wintering in Dayton, Ohio, and making preparation for the coming season, in the way of paint, paste, and paper. The elephant, Hannibal, is represented by a correspondent as being very docile this winter, and so is his keeper, Frank Thomas, since his marriage. Tippo Saib is in good condition, weighing upwards of nine thousand lbs. The bills say Hannibal's weight is nearly fifteen thousand lbs., but he is a little short weight since his tusk was taken off. Mons. Davis, the animal trainer, had a tussle with one of the tigers a short time since, and it is said Davis got the worst of it, as his arm was severely bitten in several places. Don't fool with them varmints; they are very fond of fresh meat. Frost, the manager of the institution, has been laid up at the Phillips House for several weeks with rheumatism, but is ont again. A pair of Van Amburgh's horses went through Dayton a few days since, hitched to a sleigh, which made some fun for the boys. Hannibal had a morning walk some days ago in the lot near their buildings. We are informed that it was for exercise, as an elephant becomes stiff by standing still all winter; they often take too much exercise in the spring to suit the proprietors. The Japanese hog family, eleven in number, are a great curiosity.

Gardner & Hemming's Circus, Philadelphia, with Madame Louise Tournaire as the principal star, has not been doing a very good business the past week, owing, probably, to the very unfavorable state of the weather. Madame Tournaire remains this week. John Foster, the clown, is a great favorite with the public, also the Conrad Brothers, who are two of the best gymnasts in the profession.

Wm. Aymar has returned to San Francisco from South America. Quite a number of the sawdust fraternity are said to be wintering in that city.

We have already published an account of the shooting of John R. Marshall, at Walla Walla, W. T., while endeavoring to save Peoples from the hands of a mob. We now learn that the wounds received by Marshall consisted of a shot in the head, one in the right arm, cutting the muscles, and two in the fleshy part of the left hand. The wound in the head healed on the outside, and had to be cut open twice to afford an escape to the pus. The other wounds are not dangerous. Although pretty well leaded, it was thought that he would retain possession of his limbs. The shooting was done by a Yager rifle in the hands of one of the Guard.

The "Wizard Horseman," alias Mr. Wm. Nailor, commences an engagement this week at the Amphitheatre, Philadelphia.

Geo. Sloman, who performs the globe act on horse-back, Spanish Tranca, Magic Barrel, etc., is engaged for the R. Sands concern, Mr. Foshay proprietor. He is now in Delavan, Wis.

We hear it said that the Mabies have dissolved, and that Jerry Mabie is to go it alone with the show.

Jas. Melville, the Australian bare-back rider, commences an engagement this week at the Brooklyn Arena. His little ones also appear.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Signor Blitz, although not juvenile, continues to please the juveniles and ancients of Philadelphia, opposing the Heller on an opposite corner.

Prof. Heller, illusionist, is doing a fine business at Concert Hall, Philadelphia. He is undoubtedly one of the best pianists at present in the country. His "Second Sight" is very good. Fred Hunt, of the Cincinnati press, is his advance agent.

Corinthian Hall, Rochester, has been in use for the past three weeks almost every night. The ladies of the Universalist Church had it two nights for a festival; on Thursday evening, Jan. 15, B. F. Taylor, of Chicago, gave a lecture on "English Words; Their Use and Beauty," to a large audience. He was followed by Robert C. Fenn, of Rochester, a blind poet, who delivered on the evening of the 20th, a satirical poem entitled "Our Inconsistencies." On the 22d, Rev. T. C. Emen, of New York, delivered a lecture on the "Obligations of Man to Man." The ladies of the Industrial School were to hold a festival at Corinthian Hall, on Friday evening, 23d, the entertainment to consist of vocal and instrumental music, tableaux, &c.

Woodorffe's Glass Blowers are doing a very good business at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia. The novelty of a glass steam engine, and the disposal of many valuable pieces of glass work to the audience, make them very attractive.

Little Dollie Dutton held her last levee in Detroit, on Saturday evening, 17th, after a very successful time of it. She has given immense satisfaction to the little folks.

Mason Jones does not seem to carry his audiences by storm in Boston. He does not fill Tremont Temple either. His lectures may be good, but the Bostonians can't see it.

Teresa Carreno received a congratulatory letter from Mayor Lincoln, of Boston, asking her to give another concert, which took place on the 24th.

Fr. Rhudolphson, who has appeared at the Sunday Concerts of Mad. Anna Bishop, in Boston, is the R. Fredericks, of Morris Bros., Pell and Trowbridge's Minstrels.

Lewis & Co.'s "Panorama of the War" humbugged the proprietor of Naughton Hall, in Columbus, Ohio, by engaging the hall to commence on Jan. 10th, for one week; advertised in papers, &c.; since which time the proprietors have failed to connect, thereby keeping other shows from the city. Naughton, the proprietor of the hall, says he shall show them up.

Artemus Ward was to have "spoke a piece" at Newark, Ohio, on the 14th, but was confined to his hotel all day. "Something the matter with his throat arrangements," he says. He had also to postpone at Zanesville the following night.

A quartette troupe, called the "Spencer Family," are singing through Ohio.

The Alleghanians appeared at Columbus, Ohio, last week, under the distinguished patronage of the Govenor, the Senate, and House of Representatives. It takes Waldron, their agent, to "pull wires."

Prof. Siddons, assisted by his daughter, Fanny Kemble Siddons, a young lady of scarcely 16, gave readings, &c., to large audiences, at the Mechanics' Hall, Toronto, for five evenings recently.

It is reported that Artemus Ward is soon to lead to the hymenial altar one of the most beautiful girls in Kentucky. The young lady is reputed very wealthy, possessing in her own right no less than one hundred "contrabands." Arty gave his "Sixty Minutes in Africa" at Masonic Hall, Louisville, Ky., recently, and at Washington Hall, Wheeling, Va., on the 24th inst.

R. Sherman & Sons were billed to show at East Montpelier, Vt., on the 24th. It is a magician concern.

The Hutchinson Family threaten to blast their bugles at Troy, N. Y., on the 26th. They are still sound on the nig. The Troy *Times*—which was a little severe on our minstrel friends for their hits at an imbecile administration, and praise of McClellan—ought to be in its element with the nigger-worshipping Hutchinsons.

Ossian E. Dodge and his companion, W. E. Hayward, are canvassing New Hampshire and Vermont pretty thoroughly this season, and reports speak well of their success. They were in Hillsborough on the 20th, and in Concord on the 24th.

Professor J. Prescott Eldridge (announced as a pupil of Edwin Forrest) is giving lessons in Union College, Schenectady. The Professor is said to be well liked by the Union boys. Professor Shattuck is also at this college, helping along the physical condition, while Eldridge engages the mind. Shattuck gives lessons in the manly art. He is represented as not unlike Wesley S. Mann, a former instructor in the art "a la manlie."

The Carter Zouave Sisters were at Allentown, Pa., on the 19th and 20th. Miss Flora and the little sprig in Irish character, are enough to excite the risibilities of a "hoponthetomas."

Father Kemp's Old Folks, with Sarah Jane Nichols, will give two concerts at Utica, N. Y., on the 28th and 29th, and at Rome on the 30th and 31st.

De Cordova gave his humorous lecture on Courtship and Marriage before the Mechanics' Association of Utica, N. Y., on the 21st.

M. Leon Albertini Chiriski, "the champion slack rope performer," is, we are informed, to appear at Mrs. Jane English's new theatre, Boston. Managers wishing to negotiate with him should apply to Jas. Conner, 614½ Broadway.

The proprietor of the Carter Zouave Troupe, J. Heneage Carter, has given up his intention of invading Cuba, for the best of reasons, viz., that his past successes out west, lead him to expect still greater at the present time. The company has been added to, both in talent and number—fourteen all told. They were at Easton, Pa., the latter part of the past week, and met with liberal encouragement. They open the present week in Scranton, Pa.

The Fakir of Ava appeared in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn, Jan. 23d and 24th, giving as an extra inducement 150 prizes, ranging from a bag of flour to a melodeon, and on the last evening a horse, live one, mind ye.

Professor Kellis, a cullud brudder, will soon give a presticontrabandanigger entertainment in New Haven.

Gottschalk and Carlotta Patti were to give their last concert in Cincinnati on the 26th of January. They then go to Columbus, O., opening at Naughton Hall on the 28th. "L'Oiseau," our Columbus correspondent, predicts for them a jam.

The Alleghanians closed at Columbus, O., on the 21st. They met with fair patronage.

During a lecture by Mason Jones, at Boston, a few nights ago, in speaking of the great generalship of Garibaldi, a correspondent, "Boston," says he gave two or three hard raps at Gen. McClellan, and the lecturer was hissed.

Barnum's deceased whale has been dissected, and the cause of death proved to be the rupturing of a blood vessel, while he was being driven in harness. So much for putting the animal in a different line of business to that which he was accustomed to.

AMATEUR.

PHILADELPHIA AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—On the evening of the 15th, the "Boothenian" gave one of their old style shows, to a crowded house, the majority being ladies. The bill consisted of "Retribution," and "Kiss in the Dark." A correspondent, "Jack Rover," says:—Messrs. Morton and the Hayhurst brothers acted with more than usual spirit. The lady (name unknown) who personated Clarissa, deserves especial mention for the careful manner in which she played and dressed the part. In the farce, Hicks Hayhurst kept the house in a roar by the humorous manner in which he gave Selim Pettibone. This evening, 22d, the Boothenian give the fine play of the "Wife"......On the 21st, the Wheatley were to have given the "Golden Farmer" and "My Neighbor's Wife;" but on account of the storm and the small house, they only played the "Golden Farmer." It was done in fine style; Messrs. Lawson, Charley Comber, Hulfish and Vincent, all being well up in the text and stage business, and the show passed off well......On the 20th, the "Trovatore" attempted "She Stoops to Conquer," but I am sorry to say it was a total failure. The young lady cast for Miss Hardcastle had no idea of the part whatever, and with few exceptions, the same may be said of the rest of the characters. They gave the "Old Guard" as the afterpiece, in which Mr. John Rodgers, as Haversack, was the only character worth mentioning.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Jem Mace's circus horses were knocked down in England, on Jan. 5, by one of the Queen's auctioneers, for a mere bagatelle. It is a pity that the poor animals should have received the same treatment as their owner did by one of King's auctioneers. However, they do say that calamities of a like sort occur about the same time. Is this an example?

Pantomimes continue the sensation in London, and the provinces have their prototypes; consequently, stars must remain idle for a season. Among those resting on their oars at last accounts, were Miss Avonia Jones, Miss Ettie Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Watkins, Helen Western, Mr. Collins, etc. The continued prosperity of American theatres is a matter of great curiosity to the English, as also the amount of money sent to Lancashire for the poor. They don't know what to make of the Americans.

"Ivanhoe" was attracting densely-packed houses at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, and Manager Henderson was in his glory. The "Old Story Over Again," comic drama, was also on, and the old story over again of crowded houses continued.

Prof. Anderson, the Wizard of the North, was announced to open in Liverpool on the 12th inst. Anderson, Jr., was in Dublin.

An immense Frenchman has turned up—not as an acrobat, mind—in England. M. Joseph Brice is the name of this giant, who is eight feet two inches in height. He was last in Leicester, showing with the miniature lady called the Countess of Gayton. The countess scarcely reached to the giant's knee. Why don't this couple get married, or make believe to get married, like Tom Thumb and the Warren girl? They might make a good thing of it, just as Barnum and *our* couple hope to make by their dodge. It is easy enough to get up a mock marriage—hire a church—ring in a minister of the gospel (for some of them have their price for any little job that offers,) go through the motions of the ceremony, and so forth, and humbug the public by buying up the press to sound the glad tidings. Come Big Frenchman and Little Countess, give the Britishers a sensation, and put money in your purse. You might try it on us cute Yankees first, and if we bite, as of course we do, at every humbug of the kind, Johnny Bull will swallow you without a word of explanation. What do you say?

They have a Dan Rice, clown, in Dublin. He is engaged at Connel's, without an O.

Big thing in England. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul gave two entertainments at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on the 3d and 5th of January, when five thousand persons were in attendance. Gosh!

After an illness of three months, Mrs. William Barrymore (who was not unknown to the American stage,) died in England on the 30th of December, having attained nearly her eightieth year. About fifty years ago, as Miss Adams, the deceased was known as the most accomplished English dancer on the stage. After her marriage with Mr. William Barrymore (for many years the stage manager and inventor of pantomimes at Drury Lane Theatre), her services were held at that establishment in great esteem, and her exquisite performance of Fenella, the dumb girl, in "Masaniello," assisted materially to enhance the early popularity of that opera. In 1831 Mrs. Barrymore accompanied her husband to America, where she became a great favorite, and afterwards she settled at Boston, and retired from the stage altogether. On the decease of her husband, in November, 1846, Mrs. Barrymore returned to England, and, on a small competency, the result of her own professional exertions, happily spent her closing years among friends and relatives.

In our last, we mentioned that Mr. Pitt, manager of the Sheffield Theatre, had sued the Messrs. Sanger, of the circus, for performing a pantomime without a license. Since then, a brick was thrown in a window at Mr. Pitt's residence, Mrs. Pitt narrowly escaping serious if not fatal injury. It is not known who threw the brick.

The two Aztec children, together with the Earth-woman, who were on exhibition in this country a few years ago, were showing at Brighton, England, at last accounts, under the management of Mr. J. Morris.

Brookhouse Bowler, and an English Opera company, were performing in Cork (not burnt cork), and drawing good houses. In the company are Madame Tonnelier, Emma Heywood, Mr. Rosenthal, and Mr. Swift.

Here is a chance for ye Jack tar. A Mr. Mace, the "Great Indian Rope Performer," challenges any person in the world to lash him to a chair, with any number of ropes or any number of knots, so that he cannot release himself in about four minutes. Now who will be the first to lash this man. P. S.—Mace is not he of the pugilistic persuasion.

A fire broke out in the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, on the 6th inst., by which the building, comprising the theatre, assembly rooms, and hotel, was partially destroyed. A performance had been given in the theatre the previous evening, before a crowded audience, and at that time a smell of fire was perceptible, but on a search being made at the close of the entertainment, nothing was discovered, and the place was closed. Not long after, however, the flames burst forth, and the inmates of the hotel left as speedily as possible. The theatre was less injured than the hotel, and it was expected that the former would soon be again opened to the public.

A well known vocalist—Frau Hain is her name—has taken her leave of the stage in a farewell benefit at the Stadt Theatre, Hamburgh, her last representation being that of Amelia, in Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera."

The Pyne and Harrison English Opera Troupe have revived Howard Glover's opera of Ruy Blas, at Covent Garden, London. The troupe comprises Miss Lousia Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Thirlwall, Madame Laura Baxter; Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Santley, and Mr. C. Lyall. Balfe's new opera, Marie Tudor, libretto by Mr. Bridgman, is to be the next novelty.

Miss Kate Saxon is one of the performers in the pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre, London.

Think of this, now. On the 5th inst., his Royal Nibs the Prince of Wales attended the Haymarket, where Sothern—Lord Dundreary—is performing.

A new two-act drama called "The Dark Cloud," has been produced at St. James's, London, with success. Mr. Rose, the author, on being called for, rose from his seat, crossed the stage, and bowed his acknowledgments. This Rose seems to smell sweeter by any other name, so he calls himself, for short, "Arthur Sketchley."

Mr. Charles Dance, dramatic writer, died at Lowestoft, Eng., on the 5th inst., of disease of the heart. He was in the 69th year of his age. Mr. Dance was the son of the architect of that name, and with his brother, the late Mr. George Dance, he commenced, at an early period of his life, writing for the stage. In conjunction with Mr. J. R. Planche he wrote several of the fairy extravaganzas that some thirty years ago formed the principal holiday attraction at the Olympic Theatre, when that establishment passed under the direction of Madame Vestris. He was the author beside, of some fifty modern burlettas and comediettas, which have gained popularity by their neat construction and lively and polished dialogue. Although twice married, he has left no children, and had survived both his wives.

AMUSEMENTS.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS. Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following talented Artists:—
DAN BRYANT, NEIL BRYANT,
SHER C. CAMPBELL, W. W. NEWCOMB,
NELSON SEYMOUR, G. W. H. GRIFFIN,
W. L. HOBBS, G. S. FOWLER, J. H. SIVORI,
G. A. CONNERS, G. W. CHARLES, J. W. HILTON,
D. D. EMMETT, J. MORRISON, T. GETTINGS,
ROLLIN HOWARD, FRANK LESLIE, LITTLE MAC.
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c., &c. For Particulars see bills of the day.
Tickets 25 cents. 37-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
This popular establishment will
COMMENCE THEIR SIXTH REGULAR SEASON
MONDAY EVENING, AUG. 4th.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:
LON MORRIS, N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS, R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL, J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE, F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT, R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT, J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES, D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER, L. A. ZWISSLER,
D. W. BOARDMAN, JAPANESE TOMMY.
The Management call particular notice to the above distinised array of Talent.
Tickets 25 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
36-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
Cor. COURT & REMSEN STREETS.
MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 26, and during the week.
"THE CREME DE LA CREME,"
OF ALL MINSTREL ORGANIZATIONS.
Still floating on the full tide of Public Favor.
ANOTHER MAMMOTH PROGRAMME,
In which our patrons may "loll" in the luxurious lap of
MELODY, MIRTH, AND SONG.
First week of the
BABES IN THE WOODS;
OR, THE LAST OF THE WARM-PAN-HOGS.
OLD BOB RIDLEY FESTIVAL.
HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS' QUADRILLES.
JOHNNY'S GONE AWAY.
LAUGHING DARKIES.
LA NORMA.
PENNYTRUMPETCOMBSOLOIST, &c., &c.
For particulars see small bills.
Doors open at 6¾; to commence at 7¼. Tickets 25 cents.
42-tf

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL.
514 BROADWAY, 514
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS!
MONDAY, JANUARY 26, and every evening during the week.
WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
IN A MAMMOTH PROGRAMME.
THE STAR COMEDIANS,
EPH HORN,
CHARLEY FOX, and
NELSE SEYMOUR,
as THE SCARED CONTRABAND, GIDEON'S BAND,
RUNNING THE BLOCKADE, WOMAN'S RIGHTS,
ADVENTURES ON THE PANAMA RAILROAD, &c.,
New SONGS, DANCES, and Plantation Scenes, by
HENRY, LOCKWOOD, FLORENCE,
GLENN, SCHWICARDI, ISAACS BROTHERS,
GARATAGUA, HASLAM, LEIS,
LEWIS, and COOL WHITE
Doors open at 6½; commence at 7½ o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.
No connection with any other Troupe assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 42-

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26. 1863.
GREAT NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.
First Night of the Engagement of the Great Tragedian
MR. E. EDDY,
Who is engaged for a limited period, and will make his first appearance as
MYLES NA COPPALEEN,
In Boucicault's Wonderful Drama of
THE COLLEEN BAWN,
With all the adjuncts of New and Magnificent Scenery, Machinery, Appointments, &c., aided by a powerful cast of characters. All the Original Music, by
THOMAS BAKER, ESQ.
First night of the Great Burletta, entitled
THE TWENTY-SEVENTH STREET GHOST,
Who has recently occasioned such immense excitement in the City,
Also, the fine Drama of
ONE GLASS MORE. 42

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.
Fourth Week of the Engagement of
MRS. JOHN WOOD,
QUEEN OF COMEDY AND SONG,
Whose brilliant performances nightly elicit
THE MOST RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE,
From Audiences composed of the
ELITE OF THE CITY.
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26, 1863,
Will be performed the Operetta entitled
THE PET OF THE PETTICOATS.
PAUL, (the Pet,).....Mrs. JOHN WOOD.
With a powerful cast of characters, including a numerous Corps de Ballet.
MR. AND MRS. WHITE.
In which Mrs. Sedley Brown, Miss Emma Taylor, Miss Ione Burke, Mr. Stewart Robson, Mr. Daly, and Mr. Stoddart will appear. A new version of a famous
FAIRY BURLESQUE
Is in preparation, in which MRS. JOHN WOOD will sustain the principal character.
THE ARAB GIANT, MR. GOSHAM,
Has been engaged, and will appear in a speaking character.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.
MRS. JOHN WOOD'S BENEFIT,
FRIDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1863,
On which occasion she will appear in
TWO FAVORITE CHARACTERS.
Box-Book open on Monday, 26th. 42-

JANE ENGLISH'S NEW TREMONT THEATRE,
LATE ALLSTON HALL, TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.
This new and magnificent edifice, located in the most fashionable part of Boston, is now being rebuilt, under the direction of Mrs. English, aided by a talented architect, skilfull and experienced machinists, scenic artists of taste and ability, and will be transformed into a
FIRST CLASS THEATRE,
for the production of VAUDEVILLES, OPERAS, AGREEABLE COMEDIES, PANTOMIMES, and such unexceptionable pieces as cannot fail to satisfy the most refined taste. Mrs. English is now ready to receive applications for Engagements from respectable members of the profession, as it is her intention to offer to the Boston public the BEST TALENT OF THE COUNTRY, and for SUCH will pay the most liberal salary. Will be opened at an early day. Address JANE ENGLISH,
40-2t* Sole Lessee and Manager.

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
AND
MR. PETER RICHINGS,
Have concluded their very successful engagement of six weeks, at
FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C.
These eminent and popular Artists are now performing at
MRS. DREW'S, ARCH STREET THEATRE,
PHILADELPHIA,
Commencing Monday, January 5th, 1863.
39-tf A. S. PENNOYER, Agent.

CANTERBURY HALL,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
WILLIAM E. SINN.....Sole Proprietor.
Also of
LIBERTY HALL, ALEXANDRIA, VA.
THE CANTERBURY
Is the
MOST MAGNIFICENT
MUSIC HALL IN AMERICA.
None but the
VERY FIRST TALENT
WILL BE ENGAGED
at this
BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE.
Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability always wanted.
Address to
GEO. PERCIVAL, Business Manager,
Or WILLIAM E. SINN, Proprietor,
41-tf Box 159, Washington, P. O.

CONCERT HALL,
HELENA, ARK.
SMITH, MURPHY & FREEBERTHYSER, Proprietors.
Entertainments every Evening,
BY THE
SABLE HARMONISTS,
Comprising the following talented Ethiopian Artists
J. W. SMITH,
J. B. MURPHY,
MARTIN FREEBERTHYSER,
E. D. GOODING,
J. H. STOUT,
JOHN FREEBERTHYSER,
HENRY FREEBERTHYSER,
JOHN COLE,
CHAS. SANDFORD,
GEO. W. NORTHROP,
In conjunction with
LA BELLE LOUISE,
The charming Danseuse and Vocalist,
AND
MDLLE THEODORA,
The fascinating Prima Danseuse.
Artists of recognised merit, wishing engagements, will apply to J. B. MURPHY, Helena, Ark.
Higher Salaries paid than by any Management in the country.
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WASHINGTON HALL CONCERT ROOM,
WHEELING, VA.,
The only Room in the City suitable for
CONCERTS, THEATRICAL AND MINSTREL PERFORMANCES,
Situated in the heart of the City,
CORNER OF MARKET AND MONROE STREETS,
Immediately opposite the McLure House,
Easy of Access,
and Unsurpassed for Strength in the United States.
The Room is 104 feet long by 54 feet wide, 24 feet ceiling, including a Stage 28 by 30 feet, with four Dressing Rooms, and Scenery; Brilliantly Lighted and furnished with Arm Chairs.
40-tf ☞ Let on accommodating terms.
Washington Hall Building, Wheeling, Va.

WASHINGTON VARIETIES.
ALBERT HAMBLIN & CO.....Proprietors.
JAMES PILGRIM.....Stage Manager.
OPENED FOR THE SEASON,
WITH A
FIRST CLASS COMPANY.
The Hall, for elegance and comfort, cannot be excelled by any similar Establishment in the country.
VERY SUPERIOR ENTERTAINMENTS,
Embracing Pantomimes, Ballets, Ethiopean Acts, Singing, Dancing, &c., &c., will be given.
First class artists desiring engagements may address
POST OFFICE BOX, 506,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 1863. 39-tf

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
43tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
It affords Mr. WHEATLEY much gratification in announcing for
MISS BATEMAN,
THE GREAT TRAGIC ARTIST,
An Unparalleled Triumph and Signal Success in her wonderful personation of
LEAH, THE FORSAKEN.
Crowded Houses testifying each evening their appreciation of this most powerful creation.
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 26, 1863,
Will be performed the new five acts Play of singular and beautiful interest, entitled
LEAH, THE FORSAKEN,
Arranged from the German of Mosenthal, expressly for
MISS BATEMAN.
She will be supported as previously, by
MR. JAMES W. WALLACK, Jr.,
AND
MR. EDWIN ADAMS,
And a Company of Artists expressly selected with a view to their fitness for the characters to be represented. It will be produced with New and Beautiful Scenery by J. H. SELWYN.
Entirely Original Music, composed by ROBERT STOEPEL.
Musical Director.....HARVEY B. DODWORTH.
New and Characteristic Costumes and Appointments,
By MONS. PHILLIPE and S. WALLIS.
In consequence of the GREAT DEMAND FOR SEATS, the Public are respectfully informed that the Box Book is now open for any evening during the week.
Doors open at 7, to commence a quarter before 8 o'clock. 42-

444. THE GREAT AMERICAN MUSIC HALL,
444 BROADWAY.
THE HALL OF MIRTH.
ENTHUSIASM UNBOUNDED.
ENTHUSIASM UNBOUNDED.
A continued succession of triumphs nightly mark the career of the
EXTRAORDINARY HOST OF ARTISTS
now concentrated at this establishment.
Presenting an endless succession of Novelties.
This week we out-do all our former efforts.
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE
composed of the most finished dancers.
First week of the beautiful
SPANISH DIVERTISSEMENT,
entitled THE OLGA.
Arranged expressly for this establishment by Mons. Paul Brillant.
1st. Introductory Dance.....By the Ladies of the Ballet
2d. Mongador Polka. Misses Mary Blake, Ida Ross, Fanny Archer, Isabella Bogart, Kate Scott and A. Blake
3d. Olga Polka Mazourka.....Miss Kitty Blanchard
4th. Grand Finale.....Kitty Blanchard, Mary Blake, Ida Ross, and the Corps de Ballet
CHARLEY WHITE,
the world famed Ethiopian Comedian, and author of all the popular
NEGRO FARCES AND BURLESQUES OF THE DAY.
TONY PASTOR,
The popular Comic Singer.
With a host of other prominent performers.
Forming in all a company which for artistic pre-eminence has never been equalled.
A number of striking novelties in preparation.
Grand Matinee every Saturday Afternoon.
42-tf ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
The Original
IRISH BOY
and
YANKEE GIRL,
Having completed a most unparalleled successful engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, will commence at
GROVER'S
WASHINGTON THEATRE,
On
MONDAY, JANUARY 26th.
42- W. H. PAUL, Agent.

BROADWAY MENAGERIE.
600 BROADWAY.
L. B. LENT.....Manager.
Open daily from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., with the most splendid collection of
LIVING WILD ANIMALS IN AMERICA.
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY,
At 11½ A. M., 3 and 8½ P. M., by
PERFORMING ELEPHANTS, PONIES, MONKEYS, & MULES.
Admission 25 cts.; Children under 10, 15 cts. 42-

BROOKLYN ARENA,
RAYMOND STREET,
BETWEEN FULTON AND DE KALB AVENUES.
EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK, AND ON
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS,
Superb Horsemanship by all the great riders,
Athletic Feats by the Delavanti Brothers, &c., &c.
Dress Circle, 25 cts. Children 15 cts. Gallery 15 cts. 40-tf

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Lessee and Manager.
This Theatre is now open for the Fall and Winter Season, with the finest Company ever in California.
JULIA DEAN HAYNE,

MRS. JUDAH,	MISS MOWBRAY,
MRS. C. R. THORNE,	MRS. CLAUGHLEY,
MRS. JAS. STARK,	MISS FREDERICKS,
MR. J. B. BOOTH,	MR. L. F. BEATTY,
W. M. LEMAN,	W. C. FORBES,
S. W. LEACH,	FRED FRANKS,
E. THAYER,	H. BROWN,

With a Numerous Corps of Auxiliaries.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....$1.00	Orchestra Seats $1.00
Parquet.....50 cts	Gallery .....25 cts

Private Boxes...$10 and 5 dollars.
Stars intending to visit California will find it to their interests to address as above. 40-26t

ARLINGTON, LEON & DONNIKER'S MINSTRELS, from 585 Broadway, New York, comprising the following talented performers:—

WILLIAM ARLINGTON, Comedian;	ALBERT JONES, Comedian;
J. B. DONNIKER, First Violin, and Leader;	SAMUEL GARDNER, Basso, late of Matt Peel's;
MASTER LEON, Danseuse and Burlesque Prima Donna;	WM. SPAULDING, Harpist;
EDWIN KELLY, Tenor and Light Comedian;	SAMUEL PRICE, Comedian;
	FRANK CORDELLA, Pianist;
	FRANK SPOHER, Cornet;
	JAMES GRANVILLE, 2d Violin.

[From the Cincinnati Inquirer.]
"This splendid troupe of Minstrels, the best that has ever visited our city, remains at Smith & Ditson's Hall one week longer. They drew an immense audience at the above hall last night but when we take into consideration the musical ability and talent that comprise the company, the cause thereof is fully explained."
Due notice will be given of their return East.
41-3t* R. L. DINGESS, Agent.

FOR SALE.—Having other business which demands my entire attention, I will sell the Scriptural Painting known as the "PANORAMA OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."
This Panorama, which has never been equalled by any similar work of art, contains over 12,000 square feet of Canvas, and was painted by Dallas, Kyle, Huntington, and Wright, of New York city, where it was exhibited for over two hundred and fifty nights at fifty cents a ticket to crowded houses, since which it has been continually on exhibition in the States and Canadas, everywhere meeting with the most flattering success. The nature of this exhibition is such that it is always favorably advertised by the clergy from the pulpit, and public schools attend it in a body, so that a paying house is always certain no matter where it goes. The Painting is in perfect order, and looks better than when first exhibited. The whole property consists of two rolls of canvas (weighing about 800 lbs) with the complete machinery, lights, &c., for showing; a large two-horse, four-wheel, chaise-top panorama carriage, substantial and showy, and so constructed as to contain the canvas, with all the machinery, baggage, &c.; a span of large, dark bay horses, weighing about 1100 lbs each, with complete double harness; a top-buggy, used by the agent, with horse and harness for the same; also electrotype plates, bills, &c., making the most complete exhibition of its kind in the world. It can readily be taken to places off the line of railroads, where but few exhibitions go. It has always cleared from $5 to $50 a day when traveling through the country, and will do as well for ten years to come. I should prefer to sell a half interest in it to some energetic man who would take the management of it. I don't want to hire an agent for it, but want to sell to some man who will go with it, and if he hasn't the cash, I will trade for any good, tangible property. It cost, all complete, over $5000, but a half interest will be sold to the right man for a low figure. Address CHARLES A. SHAW,
42-1t.s.b. Biddeford, Me.

LEA'S MELODEON, BALTIMORE, MD.—This house is the only Concert Room open in Baltimore, and is carried on by GEORGE LEA, formerly
PROPRIETOR OF THE NEW YORK MELODEON.
Performers of talent wishing engagements will address as above. Open every night except Sunday, and "No Matinees."
N. B.—TWENTY FIVE YOUNG LADIES wanted for the ballet. Those that can dance single dances preferred. 40-tf

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVELL,
THE BEAUTIFUL AND TALENTED
SPANISH DANSEUSE and TIGHT ROPE ARTIST,
is now performing a STAR ENGAGEMENT, under the management of JACOB BELLER, in Detroit, Michigan. Theatrical and Concert Managers wishing to secure the services of the above artiste, can do so by applying to JAS. CONNOR, 614½ Broadway, New York City. 42-1t

NELLIE HOWARD, FEMALE JIG DANCER, is now performing an engagement at Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, where she is meeting with great success. 41-2t*

BERNE EST BELIEBE.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND,
AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
THE MONITORS OF MINSTRELSY,
Are now returning from the
MOST SUCCESSFUL CAMPAIGN
Ever made in the Eastern States, and will visit the scenes of
THEIR FORMER TRIUMPHS,
In the Empire State, en-route
TO THE GREAT WEST,
Where they will appear during the present season,
INTRODUCING
THEIR GREAT CHALLENGE PROGRAMME,
As performed only by these
AUTOCRATS OF ETHIOPIA,
THE MAMMOTH TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
In the ranks of this
ARMY OF ARTISTS
will be found
Five Original Comedians,
Seven Musicians,
Four Solo Singers,
Five Dancers,
And a host of Auxiliaries, to give due effect to their
ORIGINAL BURLESQUES.
The Best Quartet,
The Best Instrumentalists,
The Best Delineators, and
The Best Orchestra,
EVER KNOWN IN MINSTRELSY.
THE SUBSTANTIAL ETHIOPIAN CONFEDERACY,
ALL IRON CLADS.
The Largest Halls in the Country
Are too small to accommodate
THE VAST CROWDS
Who flock to see
THE GREAT ORIGINALS.
The most Stupendous
Ethiopian Organization
EVER KNOWN.
THE MAMMOTH ADVERTISING
OF THIS
POPULAR TROUPE
Has marked an Era
in the
ANNALS OF BURNT CORK,
And caused our rivals to
STAND AGHAST!
HUGE BILL-BOARDS
have to be
CONSTRUCTED
To Display
The Twenty-five
PICTORIAL POSTERS
That announce
The Advent of
THESE SABLE STARS,
Preceded by the
PASTE BRIGADE.
Gen. J. D. NEWCOOMB,
Avant Courier.
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Maj. O. UNDERWOOD.
Programme Wrestler,
SAM SHARPLEY,
Manager and Proprietor.
C. A. BOYD, Leader.
FRANK BOWLES,
Leader of Brass Band.
G. W. BAILEY, Property Man. 42-

FOX'S CASINO,
CLESTNUT STREET, ABOVE SIXTH, PHILADELPHIA.
Under the Management of R. FOX, late of CANTERBURY HALL, New York.
The above commodious Place of Amusement is now open and doing a first rate business.
Performers of acknowledged ability can meet with good engagements by applying as above.
32-tf CHRIS NORRIS, Treasurer.

PLAY BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPHS of Ed. Booth, Ed. Forrest, Lester Wallack, W. R. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, also in character, Laura Keene, Kate Bateman, Maggie Mitchell, Caroline Richings, Kate Denin, Susan Denin, as Romeo, Matilda Heron, as Camille; Adah I. Menken, also as Mazeppa and French Spy; Isabel Cubas, in six characters; Mdlle Galletti, also in character; Kate Fisher, Ada Webb, Emma Webb, and all other celebrities, 25 cents each, or 5 for $1. Catalogues sent on receipt of postage stamp, by
W. C. WEMYSS,
42-2t* 575 Broadway, New York.

ATHENEUM THEATRE,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
JOHN ELLSLER.....Manager and Proprietor.
Opens on the 12th inst., for a season of three months, with the Dramatic Company from the Academy of Music, Cleveland. Stars wishing nights will please address JOHN A. ELLSLER, JR.,
40-tf Columbus, Ohio.
WANTED IMMEDIATELY—An attractive Female Dancer, if possible, one that can act and sing, for the season, for the Columbus and Cleveland, Ohio, Theatres. The season is from date to middle of July next.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE,
FOURTEEN IN NUMBER.
J. HENEAGE CARTER.....Sole Proprietor.
Owing to the great success of their exhibitions in this country, they will postpone their contemplated visit to Cuba this season; and will again visit the Cities of the West, where they were so favorably received last fall. The company is now enlarged and otherwise greatly improved. 42-2t*

FIRST CLASS CHAMBERMAID WANTED.—I want to engage a good Comedy Actress, to travel with a new and novel entertainment. She must be young, of prepossessing personal appearance, and CAPABLE OF SUSTAINING A PRINCIPAL PART in the entertainment. Travel and Hotel expenses all paid. Address, stating terms and qualifications.
CHARLIE WILKINSON, Comedian,
42-1t* Worcester, Mass.

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 46-6m

CORINTHIAN HALL,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
This long established and popular place of Amusement continues under the same Management that for 13 years of assiduous attention to the comfort and convenience of its patrons, has won for it the reputation of being one of the most popular and best conducted places of Amusement in the State.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
W. A. REYNOLDS.
21-6m* 59 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

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MASONIC TEMPLE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES; has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably 1200 persons. For terms, &c., apply to
ROBERT C. MATHEWS,
Agent Masonic Temple,
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ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
JOHN ELLSLER.....Proprietor and Manager.
This is the largest, most comfortable, beautiful, and altogether the most popular theatre in this city. It is for RENT, BY THE NIGHT OR WEEK, from the present date, January 10, or Troupes can exhibit in it on sharing terms. All applications to be made to the above manager, at Columbus, Ohio, to the 1st of April, next. 40-tf

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N. W. COR. FIFTH AND CHESTNUT STS., PHILAD'A, PA.
LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY IN THE CITY.
☞ Ladies and gentlemen of known ability, will address
ROB'T GARDINER & HARRY ENOCHS,
32-3m Proprietors.

OPERA SHOES—CIRCUS PUMPS.
J. SOMERS, 278 BOWERY, Second floor,
Maker of every style of THEATRICAL GAITERS, SLIPPERS, &c., used by all branches of the Profession, superior and cheaper than can be had elsewhere. Orders from the country promptly expressed to all parts of the United States of America. [39-4t*

DEARBORN STREET OPERA HOUSE,
Nos. 115 and 117 Dearborn st., Chicago.
WANTED, 1 superior Clog Dancer, 2 End Performers, and other acknowledged talented Minstrel Performers, for a permanent Company. Address JOHN PARKER,
41-2t Agent and Treasurer.

TO MAGICIANS, OWNERS OF THEATRES, and others.—I want to buy a set of DANCING FIGURES, or FANTOCINI, or any other good Automatons. Address, stating lowest cash price and particulars [41-2t] IGNATIUS, Clipper Office.

CARD.—The undersigned, having noticed in the Philadelphia *Mercury* of Sunday last, an advertisement bearing his name, (such advertisement being no doubt issued by some malicious scamp for dishonest purposes), takes this method of repudiating the forgery.
For a year past I have not been connected in any way, directly or indirectly, with any place of amusement in Philadelphia; the only place of which I am proprietor being the AMERICAN MUSIC HALL, 444 Broadway, N. Y., which I have kept open every night for the past four years, while every other place of the kind was compelled to close.
Those bogus managers, agents, etc., have taken refuge in Philadelphia, where they now recommence the same course that drove them from New York, viz.: the publication of false cards, dishonesty, forgery, etc. To return good for a puerile attempt at evil, I would teach those runaway agents the secret of my success. It is this: an upright and honest principle in management, and a cash down, square-dealing method in business. As this may be as opposite to their principles as it is foreign to their natures, I leave them to the public, from whom chicanery, and forgery, sooner or later, find their reward, as those parties have already found out in New York. ROBERT W. BUTLER,
42-tf 444 Broadway, N. Y.

CONTINENTAL MUSIC HALL, PHILADELPHIA,
Walnut Street, above Eighth,
Sole Lessee and Proprietor.....FRED. AIMS.
THE MAMMOTH MUSIC HALL OF THE WORLD.
THE LARGEST AND MOST ARTISTIC COMPANY IN AMERICA.
M'LLE HELENE,
The Premiere Danseuse of the age.
The Great Ethiopian Trio
JNO. MULLIGAN, ANDY LEAVITT, and DENNY GALLAGHER.
The Celebrated Pantomimists
J. S. MAFFITT, and W. H. BARTHOLOMEW.

MISS JULIA PRICE,	MR. GEORGE W. SMITH,
MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD,	MR. C. McMILLAN,
MISS MAGGIE NICHOLS,	MR. TOM VANCE,
KATE HUGHES,	MR. C. W. PARKER.
KATE HAMILTON,	MR. JNO. RITTER,

MISS ROSA SMITH, AMELIA KELMIRE, LUCY STONE,
ALICE LEACH, LUCY HAMILTON, CAROLINE MILLER.
ANNIE ELDRIDGE, C. MORTON,
And the Famous Court of Beauty,
THE GREAT CONTINENTAL CORPS DE BALLET.
ADMISSION,

Parquet.....25 cts.	Seats in Private Boxes...50 cts.
Orchestra Chairs.....37 cts.	Gallery.....10 cts.
Lower Private Boxes....$3 00	Colored Boxes.....25 cts.
Upper Private Boxes....$2 00	Colored Gallery.....15 cts.

Doors open at quarter before 7 o'clock.
Performance will commence at 8.
Artists of known ability, desiring engagements, will please address as above. 40-tf

VARIETIES THEATRE,
LATE ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE,
After a most successful season of over Eleven months, is now open with the following Company:

MISS LOUISA WELLS,	MISS CLARA BUTLER,	
MISS C. MORLEY,	MISS ROSE DE LUCE,	
MISS FANNY THOMPSON,	MISS MINNIE LANIER,	
MLLE ADA LAURENT,	MLLE JULIETTE,	
MISS JOHANNA CLIFFORD,	MISS FLORENCE WELLS,	
MISS LIDA HIBBARD,	MLLE FLORA,	
MLLE LOUISE WALBY,		
EDWARD BERRY,	WM. M. REEVE.	T. H. JEFFERSON,
TOM CONY,	GEO. P. JAQUES,	NICK FOSTER,
WM. R. DERR,	JOHN CONKLIN,	P. CONKLIN,
J. BARNEY,	J. JEROME,	LESLIE MAY,

FRANK STEELE,
A LARGE BALLET TROUPE.
Ballet Master.....SIGNOR CONSTANTINE,
Leader of Orchestra.....B. VOGEL.
Scenic Artist.....THOS. NOXON.
Costumer.....HERR OHMAN.
GEO. J. DEAGLE, Lessee.
EDWARD BERRY, Stage Manager.
These, with many minor members constitute
A MONSTER COMPANY,
Who are nightly drawing crowded houses to witness their
CHASTE AND BRILLIANT PERFORMANCES.
THE VARIETIES
IS THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, BEST APPOINTED,
AND MOST COMFOTABLE
MUSIC HALL IN THE COUNTRY.
Parties of acknowledged excellence desiring engagements, may Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Theatre,
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MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
THOMAS MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
H. COURTAINE.....Stage Manager.
R. HAROLD.....Conductor.
J. L. SCHMITZ.....Leader of Orchestra.
Fifth Week of the
ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE.

SIGNORA BIANCHI,	SIGNOR BIANCHI,
MAD. AGATHA STATES,	MISS LIZZIE PARKER,
MISS JENNIE MANDERVILLE,	MISS ALICIA MANDERVILLE,
MR. JOHN GREGG,	SIGNOR J. GROSSI,
SIG. RONCOVERI,	MONS. CHARLES,

And the Celebrated German Chorus, consisting of 29 voices.
PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....$1	Orchestra Seats.....$1
Parquet.....50 cts	Second Circle.....25 cts

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TO MANAGERS.—M. LEON ALBERTINI CHIRISKI, THE CHAMPION SLACK-WIRE PERFORMER, JUGGLER, VENTRILOQUIST and PANTOMIMIST, now performing at Napoleon's Theatre, Broadway, opens in Jane English's NEW THEATRE, BOSTON, Feb. 1, performing from four to six weeks. Managers wishing to negotiate for the above artist for the Spring and Summer Seasons, can do so by applying to JAMES CONNER,
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TO THE PROFESSION.—Being disengaged at present, I offer my services as BUSINESS AGENT or TREASURER for any theatre, or as TRAVELING AGENT for any kind of exhibition. Address COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
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ENTIRELY ALONE;

OR,

THE LADY OF THE FIRE-PLACE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY E. F. LOVERIDGE,

(Of Houston, Texas.)

DINNER is the cradle of Philosophy. When one can conscientiously lay his hand upon his waist-coat pocket, exclaiming, "I have dined!" he has attained that pinnacle, whence the Follower of Epicurus may look down on Humanity in inexpressibles, and Inhumanity in crinoline, (which is another matter,) and—PITY THEM BOTH!

Now, to dine, does not simply mean to satisfy hunger; it implies an hour of supreme felicity. [*Ergo*, no man can dine with an old woman, and few married men dine at home—especially on Monday.] Man, your brother, and *his* sisters, do not live solely by bread nor meat; neither will well-cooked, well-served viands alone enable one to dine; no, not if the *cuisine* is unexceptionable, and the *liqueurs* so pure that to narrate their age would be to pre-suppose one was about to publish a second edition of Munchausen.

Let me then, once for all, express the sublime truth in three words, so seldom possible to say in Upper Canada:

"I HAVE DINED."

("And wined," the reader says. If it is a daughter of Thespis, I will not contradict her.)

—An hour has elapsed. At least I think so, for my uncle is repairing my watch. He said the other day it went too slow. I think it would go fast again, *if I* had it.

I am entirely alone. In the dearest little parlor ever fairy devised—one that would satisfy even the fair Adah I—— M——, (if any thing could satisfy her;) reclining upon a leathern-covered couch that seems made for the god of indolence and dreams. The carpet is of crimson and black, and the wintry afternoon's pale light steals in through tastefully-hung damask curtains. The centre-table, of substantial walnut, is covered by a charming cloth of blue and brown, and the mirror over the mantle-piece is oval, and framed with quaintly-carved mahogany; while the chairs are covered with damask, and of the indigenous Canadian maple. There are books, and papers and writing materials on a tiny *secretoire*, beside the lounge, and I am smoking a long Turkish pipe—(a gift from dear, dear, unhappy William N——th) filled with the remnants of my Cuban-got tobacco.

A roaring, rousing, ruddy, rollicking fire, is burning in the grate, crackling, creaking, snapping, hissing like players who have got their salaries the night before Christmas, while, without, a fine, fleecy, sportive, frolicsome snow is covering the street with Old Winter's cheery vesture; and, ever and anon, merry laughter, or the elastic tread of devil-may-care good-fellows, sounds through the wide corridors.

. . . The chamber-maid, a blue-eyed, brown-haired, round-formed, red-cheeked, mischief-eyed English Hebe, has just brought fresh maple-wood, and placed upon the fire, and a bottle of Canada's staple beverage upon the table—not such as is sold by the glassful—but the pure spirit which warms the heart of man, and cheers the soul, and drives away blue devils; that which hath an inspiration, bidding men forget their cares, until they roll away like April clouds amid the sunshine.

—Now, as I recline, smoking in my cosy parlor entirely alone, for Hebe has vanished with the wood, and the aroma of the corn-fields behind her, what between the smoke from my pipe, and the roar of the fire, I suddenly discover that although the door is locked I am not entirely alone, for, as I watch the crackling fire, I see emerge from the flames, a fleecy, transparent outline, which, by degrees, acquires consistency, until, at last I discern a spiritual presence that seems so real I can scarcely fancy that I dream.

—The Spirit is a Woman—(all bright spirits are!) tall, and comely. Her hair is of a purple blackness, like a raven's wing seen in the sunlight. There is no crown upon the head, nor sceptre in the hand, nor ermine on the raiment—which is of simple white, but seems bespattered as with drops of blood. The head would be a study for a Raphael, so beautifully is it chisseled, and the oval contour of the face reminds one of old pictures of beggar girls from Murillo's cunning hand. The nose is Grecian, and the nostrils now dilate, as if in harmony with the aspirations of the throbbing, busy world without, and anon contract, as if in consciousness of the rich, glowing life within. The lips are full, and of a crimson hue; but when she speaks, some times they deepen into wine-color, as of ripe old Port that hath grown glorious in an English cellar. The complexion is almost an olive; the poor *blonde* beauty of the pale, cold North, seems to fade before her presence from Man's memory, as mere Tact is silent whenever Talent speaks. The form looms up queenly, and the bosom rises and falls with each new emotion, as the waters of old ocean, in the tropics, when the summer evening winds hie forth from the caves of old Æolus, bent on frolic. The hands and feet are small, and carved by the Great Architect with faultless skill, and she seems as one who had found, by starlight, *the lost word* the Master dropped, when he was pursued from gate to gate of the Great Temple!

The fire-light illumes her whole form as the evening shades descend, and she eyes me, as one who would open her lips, and by the music of her voice beguile my loneliness; so I salute her, and with a wave of my hand bid her be seated.

She does not heed the proffered chair; but slowly, and with a light footstep, which seems as if fairies, with silver-tipped slippers "tinkled on the tufted floor," approaches the couch, and places her cool, soft hands upon my brow.

"What is your name, *cara mia?*" I ask in a whisper.

"I am called Fancy," she replies; while the soft tones of her voice linger in mine ears, even now that she hath fled, and, I am utterly alone. How soothing are those tones! like music from the flute upon the waters, in the Southern moonlight—such strains as I have heard in days agone in the dear, dear "Lone Star State," ere war had raised its hydra-head.

She seems to woo me gently from myself, and as, at last, I essay to answer her pleading, cooing tones, my voice sounds strange to me, for I seem to sing the air that she nods time to, smiling like the Memory of Youth.

FANCY.

Fancy! raise thy gilded wing,
Surely here you cannot stay;
Do not strive, my dear, to sing,
I can have no holiday.
I must work. I cannot play,
You will only sorrow bring.
I can have no holiday.

Fancy! do not shake your head,
Swiftly, prythee! go away,
To all joy my heart is dead,—
Hasten, hasten off, I pray!
I may have no gala day;
Care corrodes my heart to lead.
I must work: I never play.

Fancy! I'm a married man—
Wedded to the Curse of Life;
She would quick forbid the bann,
Would I take you to be wife,
And escape this cracking strife,
She would tap me with her fan,
Saying, "SIR, OBEY YOUR WIFE!"

Fancy! do not toss that curl
Coquettishly before my face,
Pretty, airy, fairy girl,
Snow-hills peeping under lace,
Ev'ry motion full of grace,—
Do not think me quite a churl,
If I fear thy lovely face.

Fancy! once I loved you true,
Now you must be off, I say;
Indeed I fear for weeks I'll rue,
This moment you have come my way.
I tell you I've no holiday,
I cannot listen now to you,
I must work. I never play.

Fancy! I'm no longer Boy,
Though I know that Boy means bliss;
I may never more enjoy
The sweet pleasure of a kiss.
I am bound—(I tell you this,)
With you more I may not toy,
"Business" will this hour miss.

Fancy! do not call me cold.
Loved I once, and love I still,
To strange idols I am sold,
I have not my old free will.
By the old deserted mill
Where we met ere we were old,
Tell I thee, I love thee still.

Fancy! ere you fly away,
Hear me dear: and grant me this:
Bend thy sunny head I pray,
Let me know a parting kiss.
Thank you, love. It were a bliss,
Ere I see you hie away,
To dwell upon a thought like this!

Then Fancy bent her head down, and looked into mine eyes with her great fathomless orbs, and whispered:

"I can never desert Life, and Health, and Youth, and the rich wine of Passion that ever lingers in the heart of the TRUE MAN. I haunt such as you, even in the Fire-Place of the cold, pale North, as I have walked by your side even among the magnolias of the sunny South we both so dearly love."

"But, darling," I rejoin, "why these stains of blood upon your robes? Why so sad? Why come to *me?* Wherefore make me feel, that out of all the whole wide world, without you I am so entirely alone? Fancy! I would give my soul to re-live old dreams of love and sunshine?"

Now Fancy seems to answer:

"I told you I loved Youth. I come to those who can cleave to principles, in times like these. My home is in the great, grand Western World, where men live histories in a twelve month, and love and hate like only Nature's children can do either. On this continent even children catch the inspiration of the soil that teems with bread and wine for all men, the great rivers baptise them, and sign them with the Seal of Freedom."

"Ah! you love Columbia?" I ask.

"She is my Mother," Fancy answers. "She is great, glorious *even in her robes of sable;* sublime—another Niobe, even in her tears."

I embrace the darling, and I breathe a heavy sigh: "Fancy, tell me—tell me like another Cassandra! when this senseless strife—which makes an American in a foreign land, feel as if, Prometheus-like, he were bound, with vultures gnawing at his vitals—shall have an end? Oh, tell me, I conjure you! what is to arise from these scenes of carnage? Shall Individual Liberty and Popular Freedom escape annihilation? Can you see no ray of hope in the darkness? Are North and South ever to arise in the peaceful morning-time to find the *old* dream to be re-lived?

Now Fancy seems to sing:

COLUMBIA!

TO HER CHILDREN.

Mourn no more! Our dead are sleeping;
Strife and clouds will pass away:
Angels watch and ward are keeping
By the soldiers, pulseless clay.
South or North are brave, and glory
Casts a halo o'er each grave;
In the Western World the story
Of the Freeman and the Slave
Shall descending,
Never-ending,
N'er be lost in Time's wild wave.

Mourn no more! 'though clouds hang dreary,
Men 'mid wars grow strong and great;
All Earth's *best* are well-nigh weary
While the despots tempt their fate.
South or North are men and brothers;
All the world hied to our shore;
If a hero falls, still others
Blood like rosy wine out-pour,
Bless our living,
Dead forgiving,
Only hero thus can soar!

We were happy; proud were growing,
Progress rode the Lightning's mate;
Wheat and corn and cotton sowing,
How forgetful of the STATE!
In the days bye-gone the story
Of old Europe men forgot;
All Humanity's great glory,
Lost amid wild Traffic, hot.
Hope on, ever,
Never, never
To despair is Freedom's lot.

Time, the old man, calm is able
To detect the frauds of fools;
Moves with foot-steps firm and stable,
Ne'r bewildered by the Schools.
He may grieve o'er Presses shackled,
He can smile at mobs or men;
He knew Roman geese that cackled,
Oracle that scholars ken.
Fools in power,
Ere this hour
Lo! this *Now* has been a *Then!*

Rise, ye free men! Rise where ocean
Laves New England's shores so cold!
Rise! and with a giant's motion,
Speak, and gad-flies' measures mould.
Rise, ye free men! where the Summer,
Lingers in old Winter's place,
Where the frost's a tardy comer,
Smiling sunshine in his face.
States so glorious!
Which victorious,
Can Columbia ere replace?

Men, born free men! hurl these idle
Chattering dolts from place or power;
They would fix their rotten bridle
On the tongue, their little hour.
They would shackle voice and presses,
They, as owlets, dread the light,
Ah! thank God! our soil caresses
Ev'ry man who loves the Right.
Listen, brothers!
There are others,
In old Europe, curse this fight.

* * * * * * *

Battles' done. Peace is given,
And the Sections cease their fray,
Tears of joy are rained from heaven,
Bathing soldiers pulseless clay.
South or North divorced—united—
Not by Law, but Truth and Trade,
Where now lives the man benighted,
Loving not the States new-made.
If divided,
N'er derided,
Both are free from foreign aid.

Twain yet one; smiles 'mid mourning—
Bathed in blood that welds long Peace;
Who shall dare Columbia's scorning,
When the War-god's fires cease?
Twain gets one—in blood cemented,
Union buried, Union born;
Reign of puppets, so demented
That their crimes are cleansed with scorn.
Buried ever,
Never, never
Rise their resurrection morn!

Bishop's, Woodstock, C. W.,
Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, 1863.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FORTY-ONE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

FREDERICK M. KENT,

Born in Philadelphia, October 20, 1829. Made his first appearance on the stage, in his native city, at the Arch-street Theatre, under Burton's management, as Squeers, in "Nicholas Nickleby."

When the California excitement was about in its zenith, with a never flagging ambition he set sail for the glittering region; where, after performing successfully throughout its rural districts, he became, in 1852, manager of the Jenny Lind Theatre, San Francisco.

Returned to the "States," and on the 24th of December, 1857, died in New York. His last engagement was at Laura Keene's Theatre. In 1853 he married Miss Jane Parker. Mr. Kent was a kind and warm friend, of a thoroughly nervous temperament, and an actor of much merit at one time; but during the latter part of his life became careless, while his social habits added not a little to his professional instability.

ROSA JAQUEZ,

Formerly a member of the Seguin Opera Troupe. Made her first appearance on any stage, October 1, 1849, at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Marie, in "The Daughter of the Regiment."

Died in Germany, November, 1857.

Her voice was a superb mezzo-soprano—her intonation very true—and her singing replete with expression of the most touching kind.

JOSEPH HUTTON

Was professor of a classical school, but becoming fascinated with the drama, he forsook all and took to the stage. He first joined, in 1812, an association called the Morestonians, and soon after made his *debut* at the old Apollo Theatre, Philadelphia. Died in the green room of the Charleston (S. C.) Theatre, of yellow fever.

MONS. AND MME. HUTTON,

Born in Paris, made their first appearance on the American stage, January 30, 1827, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, as dancers; made their *debut* in Philadelphia, July 11, 1827, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, in a Grand Pas De Deux. Their attitudes were pure and classical, and the grouping was such as to bid defiance to the poet's pen, the painter's brush, or the sculptor's art. We have never witnessed such living pictures as were created by their skill, taste, and judgment. Madame Hutton died in South America.

CHARLES JACOBS.

On the 18th of May, 1857, he made his first appearance in America at the Academy of Music, New-York, under the assumed name of "Signor Carlo Jacopi, the young American Tenor," who was said to have created such a *furore* in Paris, London, Vienna, and Milan, as to make Mario and all the rest of the *tenori* in the world, tremble in their boots for their laurels. The opera chosen for his *debut* was "Il Trovatore." The following account we clip from a paper of the day: "At the proper time the *debutant* made his appearance, and was greeted with loud plaudits; and when the enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, he opened his mouth and essayed to sing—but alas, no sound issued from his lips that was audible beyond the row of fiddles in the orchestra. The young man was frightened and nervous. Again he made an effort, and a sound was heard which might have been the bellow of a hippopotamus with the asthma. People looked at one another—then they listened—then they applauded, and laughed again. By the time the second act was half over, the trick was too apparent. The Signor could not sing, and he had no voice; consideration and charity gave way to indignation, and a storm of hisses, such as were never before heard in America, saluted the ears of the ambitious aspirant for lyric honors."

GAMBLING ON A BIG SCALE.—A PLAYFUL COOK, AND HOW HE WAS SKINNED.—Major Isaac N. Cook, formerly of Marietta, Ohio, and latterly a paymaster in the United States' service, some time since fell into the hands of gamblers, and sustained considerable losses. The story is the usual one—that he then entered upon the desperate enterprise of making things even, and of course his losses grew heavier as he proceeded, until they amounted to nearly a quarter of a million, the sum being largely above two hundred thousand. The fact of Major Cook's defalcation becoming known to the military authorities, the most energetic efforts were made to recover the lost money. Major Cook, it appears, had been a conscientious book-keeper, and had kept an exact account of all his losses. This enabled the Government to get after the right parties. Arrests were made simultaneously at Cairo, Springfield, Columbus, Chicago, Cleveland, and Louisville—the principal gamblers being picked up in each case. Their diamond rings, gold watches, and ready money have been possessed, and a number of the institutions where the "tiger" is displayed, occupied by United States authority. About seventy thousand dollars were recovered from parties arrested at Cairo. On the 1st, a large company of the fraternity left on the mail-boat for Louisville, under arrest. It seems reasonable to conclude that the Government will not, in the end, be the loser for any very heavy amount, and it is possible every dollar may be recovered. The gambling house of Whaley, in Cincinnati, is reported to have taken near one hundred thousand dollars of the missing money. The houses of Lewis and Correy are also in the scrape, and represented on the trip to Louisville. McKelvey was nabbed at Cairo. The paymaster was not a green one. He was, some years ago, a steamboat-man in the Ohio trade. Afterward he was an agent of the Marietta Railroad, in Cincinnati, and it is now said that there were rumors of a defalcation on his part at that time.

A BRITISH PUG NOT MENTIONED IN "FISTIANA."—The London *Post* tells us that a Yorkshireman, Mr. David Greenbury, died at Scarborough recently, of diptheria, aged 48. In early life he was a coal porter at Malton, (where he was born) and after a short religious profession, became a notorious pugilist. In this line he was famed throughout the country, and used to fight with one hand, having the other tied behind him. He was given to the perpetration of the wildest freaks, one of which consisted of carrying a live donkey to bed to his parents. He was upwards of six feet two inches in height, had immense strength, and constituted himself the defender of the weak and defenceless. He was at last defeated by a little man, and was so exasperated that he bit off part of his opponent's ear. This was his last fight, and in 1841 he set off to Seamer Fair on what he said should be his last "spree." A gentleman on the coach gave him a tract, which contained the old hymn beginning, "Stop, poor sinner," &c. These words acted so much upon Greenbury's mind, that he returned home a penitent. He was afterwards for some years a preacher among the Wesleyans, chiefly at Scarborough and Malton, but, being uneducated, his discourses were chiefly narrations of his own mad tricks in early life. His name was of itself sufficient to fill the chapels. He went about the country exhorting for some time, and eventually married a lady with a competence. Probably no Yorkshireman ever attained such great notoriety by means so diametrically opposite.

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I knew a maiden once, named Julia Wright,
Whose form was beautiful beyond conception,
But then her skin was dark as moonless night—
Or, like in water twilight's shades reflection;
Her face was covered o'er with pimples quite;
A moustache marred her chisel'd lips perfection,
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But then her hair was red, upon my soul!

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